

Love Me Mercilessly

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Love Me Mercilessly

by [damselle](#)

Summary

Dream sighs deeply and then emits a chuckle, taking in George's body, which lay limp and bound on the floor. Maybe if he was a better person, he'd cut the ropes binding his body. He'd be the bigger man and ask if he's okay. He'd soothe the humiliation of failing a solo mission and be a good partner. He'd be mature. He'd be professional.

But, alas, he's neither of those things. So instead, he smirks like an asshole and watches as George's body twitches helplessly on the ground as if trying to wriggle out.

“Well, well, well,” Dream says with a beat. “All tied up, are we?”

Or, Dream and George are the best cyber-detectives in their precinct with a strong hatred for each other— and even stronger sexual tension.

Notes

Don't know how my random smut idea led to a 2 part fic but here we gooo. Will remove this if CCs display discomfort at fanfiction. This is my first fic, hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

When Dream first hears footsteps in the empty, dim warehouse, he's elated. Staring down at the graying floor for hours, while his hands were helplessly bound to a pole, was the most agonizing experience of his life, not to mention it was the *second* time this week he'd found himself in such a vulnerable state. So it's easy to say, he's quite relieved to know backup had made their way here to free him from these literal shackles.

But his elation dies like the flicker of a candle in the wind when he hears the all-so familiar clicking of heels against the floorboards. Instead of relief, he's surged with dismay. His eyes remain glued on the floor because the last thing he wants to see is *him*.

"Aww," Comes the condescending and airy coo of one of the best detectives in the New York Cybercrime division. Dream *irks* and his hands pull at the crackling metal chaining his wrists together for the feigning hope that they make break apart before he has to take *his* help.

"All tied up, are we? Thought *someone* was too smart for the Sanguine mafia's cheap tricks." The accented voice continues.

"The ropes they purchased from the bay black markets are coded to wrap around you and bind you." Dream mutters with his head hung low, his blond hair covering his eyes which are shut from the mild humiliation of having to be rescued. "S'not my fault."

"Of course it isn't. It's not your fault you were too *stupid* to recognize their plan."

"Fuck off." Dream finally snaps his eyes up and meets with daring brown ones.

George stands above him holding the mechanism in his hands that can help free Dream of such ropes. He's clad in his tight blue and black Kevlar suit which fits him absolutely *snug*. It's usually what he wears when he's out for missions, along with his black boots which hug his calves and come right below his knees. His goggles rest on his hair and he has a smug smile on his face which Dream wants to knock out.

"I wouldn't recommend you use that kind of language around me, Dream. I'm the only one who can get you out of here." George says with a tilt, before raking his eyes down his figure. Dream's on the floor, legs spread, hands bound tightly behind him. Dressed in his black and green body

shirt and trousers which sag. He's not as flexible as George is, so his clothes don't need to fit him so tightly. Sometimes he thinks George's clothes fit him a little *too* tight.

"Then stop staring and cut these fucking ropes off my wrists." Dream mutters, to which George hums, bringing his fingers up to his chin in a way that is so *pretentious* that George should be glad Dream's tied up, otherwise he might've punched him.

"But where's the fun in *that*?" George says, before stepping towards him, his foot placing between Dream's parted legs. "You've been a little cocky, mister. You could use a little humbling."

Dream's face contorts, eyebrow twitching ever so slightly. "George— *look*, I know we have our differences—"

George starts laughing. "The mighty Dream is going to try to reconcile, is he?"

"—But right now you need to be *professional* and cut these ropes off so I can get back to the damn office—"

"Professional?" George raises his eyebrow. "Are *you* talking about professional after what occurred in our mission two weeks ago, Dream?"

And the *delight* which spreads across George's face upon seeing Dream's own sour is nothing but insidious. George is evil, that's the only way Dream can describe him. He's a conniving little bitch who's always been head-to-head with Dream ever since they both realized they're both the best detectives in a city which should only have *one*.

"Do you remember, Dream?"

"Shut up."

"What time was it, 2 in the morning?"

"*Shut up.*"

“We were hiding in that space between those walls...”

“*Please,* ” Dream grits, jaw so tense it may break. “Shut the fuck up. Don’t fucking bring it up,”

“I’d like to, actually, especially when you’re helpless like this,” George says in a lower voice.
“Besides, I quite like when you *beg*, Dream. Beg some more.”

Dream closes his eyes for a few seconds to calm himself down. “Where’s Sapnap?”

“Sapnap went home. We were both supposed to come to help you but I assured him I could do it myself. Am I not enough for you, Dream?”

“You’re a fucking nuisance is what you are.”

“Such a bad mouth on you.” George’s fingers grab Dream’s wide jaw and his thumb brushes over Dream’s lower lip, making the blond glower. “How did you let those men tie you up like this, Dream? I thought you were s’posed to be the *best*, ”

Dream ignores the thumb at the corner of his lip and bores his eyes upwards because George’s body is too close to his face and the last thing he needs to do is train his attention on the dip of his waist.

“I told you, it’s inescapable. It’s like these ropes have a mind of their own. It’s engineered by the mafia using technological components taken from the black market—”

“Blah blah blah. Just admit you suck at this.” George says with a murmur, then drops Dream’s face, letting his head fall back against the pole. “I knew I should’ve taken the case. I mean, *really*, Dream, it was a one-man job. You’ve made me take out time to come get you. A little embarrassing, is it not?”

“Can you shut the fuck up and untie me? I don’t care for your bitchy monologue, George. Do this some other time.”

“Why’re we in such a rush?” George ponders, then looks down Dream’s body again. With a mischievous glint in his eye, his foot drags up the column of Dream’s calf and slowly draws upwards, to his thigh.

“George,” Dream hisses, his shoulders tense and taught.

“What is it?” George asks, the tip of his boot continuing to swim up. “Say it, Dream, would you like me to stop?”

Dream closes his eyes and holds his breath.

“Y’know, it’s rather cute how easy it is to rouse you,” George hums, bringing his foot close to his crotch, up the length of his leg.

“It-it isn’t—“ Dream tries, but his lungs give way for a short exhale as George’s foot presses onto his groin. His eyes flutter shut and he feels, with reddening cheeks, as his lower stomach churns to make his body give itself away. He grows hard under his sole, and his neck burns with humiliation.

“It isn’t?” George asks, and presses down harder, making Dream practically *mewl*. George grinds circles down onto his cock with a sly smile on his pretty face.

“Look at yourself, all tied up and pathetic under me,” George continues, rubbing his foot down to his aching hard length hidden beneath trousers. “Like a little *puppy*. A puppy in heat.”

“F-fuck off,” Dream growls, gritting his teeth. “I fu— *ah*— fucking hate you so much.”

“I’m sure you do,” George cups his face again and brings his thumb to Dream’s lips. Dream doesn’t dare part them and instead stares up with an indignant look on his face. George’s brown hair falls on brown eyes which are nothing if not malicious. “I ought to put you in a collar.”

Dream watches with a heavy breath as George crouches down on his knees in between his parted legs and leans in until his face hovers over Dream’s own. Dream feels, at that moment, like a stupid puppy. His eyes fall to George’s lips and the feeling of George’s hand fondling over his clothed cock makes his head spin. He wants to feel the wet insides of his mouth and bite down so hard he bleeds. He wants to feel his sinfully small waist in his hands and tear apart that tight

bodysuit to shreds. He waits. Their breaths mingle.

George giggles. Dream hears the ropes tying his hands cut off with the scissors George brought with him.

Swiftly, George brings himself back and away from the man, standing up with a flutter of his lashes. Dream leans his head back against the pole, neck exposed, and breathes heavily, knowing what's to come.

“You’re so easy, Dream,” George says in a hushed voice, and all Dream can think about is the strain in his trousers that’ll take an active imagination to wear away. He’s filled with rage—rage that can only be taken out physically. As much as he wants to punt George into space, he wants to grab him down and fuck him into tomorrow.

George turns around and walks away, and the slightest sway of his hips may or may not have been in Dream’s stupid illusioned mind. To leave him in this warehouse hard and aggravated was humiliating enough, but his audible giggle from the door of the warehouse makes it much, *much* worse. Dream wants to wipe that ridiculous smirk off his pretty face. He wants to see him writhe, disheveled, a *mess*.

George is *agonizing* and Dream hates himself for succumbing like a stupid moth to a blazing flame.

“Holy shit, dude. That’s like the 7th time he’s blue balled you.” Sapnap says, and it sounds like he’s holding back a laugh. Dream stares into the glass in front of him which showcases all the CCTV cameras from around the city. The screens currently display the alleyways behind every bar in a ten-mile radius from a recent murder he and Sapnap are currently investigating. “I mean—what—he just left you like that?”

“Shut the hell up. This is why I don’t tell you shit.” Dream mutters, before tapping at the glass to enlarge specific video footage of two men in an alleyway.

“I’m *asking*, man,” Sapnap looks at what Dream enlarged. “That one’s three blocks away from the murder so impossible unless the guy had super speed or something.”

“Always a possibility. Those drugs that cause speed enhancements have been everywhere lately.” Dream says, before tapping out of the screen and going back to looking at numerous little video screens.

“There you two are,” A high and bright voice comes from the doorway and Dream brings his attention to the captain of the precinct, a certain red-eyed man in all black, Bad. “I’m going to need one of you to help in the Sanguine case. Dream, I know you just... had a mishap with them, but I believe you can do it this time! Don’t give up!”

His optimism is often unsettling, but Dream’s gotten used to brushing it off. He crosses his arms clad in a leather jacket.

“I can help. I know more about the case anyway. Sapnap can take the lead on this murder case.” Dream says.

“Great! I love when you guys work things out. There’s just *one* slight problem...”

Dream’s face sours. “Don’t say it.”

Bad smiles at him sheepishly. “Dream... you can’t work on this case alone anymore after what happened on Friday. This is a really important mission and the only other person who can work with you is—“

“I can take Sapnap. Or Ant. Hell, I’ll take Ranboo.”

“*Dream*. This is a direct order, not a suggestion. Unless you want Sapnap to work the Sanguine case.”

Dream irks, looking away in thought. He almost wants to reel in his suggestion and let Sapnap take the case. He can always give him pointers. He honestly rather jump into a pool of magma than willingly work with—

“No one informed me about a group meeting,” George’s annoyingly high voice airs, and his slim figure leans against the doorway, wearing his snug bodysuit. He smiles at the disdained look on

Dream's face. "So I take it you know we have to work on this mission together?"

"What happened on Friday was an anomaly and you know that. I know how to work around it now. The warehouse I bust *did* belong to Sanguine, I just didn't expect it to be the one because I got it from such an unreliable lead. Before I could call backup, they threw those fucking ropes at me and tied me to a pole. I don't need George to fucking *babysit* me, Bad. I can do this case alone." Dream snaps, and Bad sighs with his hand against his face.

"He's not *babysitting* you, Dream. We both know this mission requires more than one detective. It's bigger than we thought it was initially. Their usage of black-market traps is unsafe for one man to take on. Don't be a baby."

"Yeah, Dream, don't be a baby," George says. "We worked so well on that partnered mission two weeks ago. I thought you had the most *swell* time, didn't you?"

Dream glances at him and ignores the obvious choice of words. "George. This case wasn't meant for you. It requires a bit of thinking, something you're not used to doing."

"Oh, because you were thinking *so* hard when you got tied to a pole?"

"Boys!" Bad claps his hands together, ripping them apart from their intense back-and-forth. "That's enough. Both of you are acting like children! Behave yourselves. Look at Wilbur and Techno, they're on equal footing and work so *well* together. That's why half our cases go to them. Do you know how much good you two could do for us if you just got along?"

"This isn't elementary school, Bad. I don't *have* to like him."

"I think you like me quite a lot," George responds quietly with a grin, and Dream shakes his head, ignoring him.

"Whatever! I've had enough of this. I'm leaving. If you misbehave, it'll reflect badly on your professionalism, remember that." Bad warns one last time before leaving the room which feels stiffened with tension. George sees him leave and then glances over at Dream.

"Dream, Dream, Dream." George walks over, looking up at him. "Don't be a little pissbaby and ruin this important mission for us."

“I’m *not* a—“

“Shut up,” George grabs him by his tie and pulls him down to meet him face to face. “I’m serious. This is important, so *don’t* fuck it up.” George tilts his head up and leans forward to whisper in his ear, hot and hushed. “I know how bad you wish you could grab me and fuck me but those kinds of thoughts should be kept for *outside* work, okay?”

Dream’s jaw falls and he can barely say a word. George leans back, gives him a once-over, then lets him go.

There’s a few beats of silence until George throws a look at Sapnap, who’s standing there with widened eyes. George smiles sweetly.

“Have fun on the murder case.”

“Thanks,” Sapnap says awkwardly. George turns around and walks out, while Dream’s frozen stiff. Sapnap looks over at him and clears his throat. “What— what did he say—“

“Nothing. Fuck off. I’m going to wash my face.” Dream says and then storms off to the bathroom, leaving Sapnap there, blinking at the mess that took place.

2 weeks ago.

They’d been chasing the seller of the illegal chip which had been found in home products to spy on citizens, a clear violation of basic privacy. He’d turned a simple arrest mission into a car chase, one where Dream had both hands on the steering wheel and George had his attention focused on the Toyota they swerved after.

“What the fuck?” George snaps when Dream takes a sharp left. “He went straight, you idiot!”

“He’s going to the warehouse I speculate stores the chips. We can bust out the whole operation. I’m taking a faster route. Call for backup.”

“You *speculate*? ” George exclaims with an expression of disbelief, to which Dream grips the steering wheel tightly.

“Shut the fuck up and call for backup!”

“Fuck you. Relying on speculations on *my* mission—“

“Our mission.”

“*My*, ” George reiterates sharply before doing as told. He’s awful to work with, Dream thinks, as their car barely fits into a tight alleyway. They near the warehouse when Dream brings the car to a sudden halt.

“Let’s walk, the car won’t make it there.”

“Obviously,” George grumbles, before swinging out of the window of the car, always flexible. He’s physically more apt than anyone Dream’s seen, he can fit into the smallest nooks and do a car chase on foot. He’s small but fast and has years of professional gymnastics training which helped out courteously in this field of detective work where half the criminals had some sort of modifications through drugs and gadgetry.

Dream was quick behind George, keeping his gun loaded and grasped tightly in his hands. They hurried down the alleyway before finding the warehouse— large and ominous— festered with large cars and men holding guns. *Fuck*, this was a bigger issue than it seemed.

“We can’t go in alone.” Dream whispers to George, who hums, back planted against the wall, holding his gun out. He glances to Dream.

“They might see us if we stay here. I can hear them— they’re speaking in German— and considering navigating the area. Our guy is safely inside and backup won’t be here for another 20 minutes at least,” George says in a hushed voice.

Dream looks around. There's nothing beside them but trash cans and another thinner alleyway between two buildings practically glued together. The only thing in that gap is the juts of balconies. George opens the trash can like an idiot and the tin clatters, alerting the guards by the not-so-distant warehouse of possible intruders.

"You fucking idiot," Dream growls, before grabbing George by his side and swiftly inserting their bodies into the tight gap between the buildings, the one which has barely any space in it, but enough darkness to hide them from sight.

"What're you—"

"Shut the fuck up," Dream places his hand over George's mouth, his other hand placed on the wall beside his waist. "They heard us. Stay quiet." He whispers into his ear, and George bites hard on his hand. Dream drops it with a hiss and retracts.

Their bodies are pressed together uncomfortably close, with Dream's taller frame taking up most of the space. His hands clamp onto the wall in front of him, caging George in, his front pressed flush to George's back.

It takes a few beats of complete silence assisted with held breaths for Dream to realize what a compromising position he's put himself in. George is *completely* pressed against him, to the point where it's almost dirty how close they are. His thin, tight, spandex suit fits him so, *so* snug. It hugs all of his curves, especially his plump butt which—*fuck*—it's fitted right against Dream's crotch so cozily that he feels like this was done deliberately to set him up.

The men from the warehouse come to check the place, and George focuses his attention on that. Dream tries to—*he really does*—but George's nimble frame fits against his own so fucking well that he begins wondering how easy it would be to tear this stupid suit off his body.

"I swear I heard somethin'," One of the men, armed with a large black gun, gruffs lowly to the other, who shrugs. They look around for a little longer before leaving, standing at the end of the ally, inhibiting Dream and George from leaving the tight nook they've fit themselves into.

George shifts. "This is—" He begins, before rubbing himself against Dream almost *lewdly*. It has to be on purpose, but George usually seems clueless to his sensuality, or so Dream thinks. "—too cramped."

“I know.” Dream whispers. George shuffles some more, trying to leave, but he can’t, and his writhing is useless, so he dissolves into a soft sigh.

He turns his head over his shoulder, his arms folded up to his chest, pressed against the wall. “I can’t move one bit.”

“Just shut up and stay still, they’ll hear us.” Dream hisses, despite knowing the guards *hearing* them was the least of his concerns at the moment. He could feel heat traveling right down to his groin which was *not* good. Absolutely not.

Dream was a top-class detective who did what it took most detectives *years* to do in half the time. He finished his 4 years of detective training in 2, zoomed up the ranks of the precinct in 6 months, and solved more cases than most of the precinct combined.

Yet, here he was, at his weakest, most *vulnerable* moment, at the hands of one George, who was absolutely going to ruin him.

George was older, though only by a few years, and Dream knew from the second he saw him that he would absolutely despise him. He was titillatingly obnoxious with a high-strung way of doing things and the most peculiar British mannerisms. He was an arrogant, irritating, condescending prick, and yet Dream wanted to fuck the living shit out of him. He wanted to hold him down and tear him apart. He doesn’t know why he thought pressing himself right up against George’s plump ass would be a good idea, but his mind runs white and all he can think from is his dick.

It comes out as a genuine, honest question. George, all pressed up against the wall, raises his head like a cat to sound, and then asks in the gentlest voice: “Are you hard?”

“No.” Dream croaks out, but his head is dropped low and he’s trying his hardest to think of the unsexiest things in the world.

“You’re— you’re fucking—“ George *rolls* his hips back onto him and Dream grits his jaw. “— *oh*, you are hard, you are. Right now, when we’re seconds away from men with guns—“

“I know, shut the fuck up. You’re in this tight fucking bodysuit, it’s not my fault.”

George's hair tickles Dream's chin and the shorter turns his head up to stare at Dream.

"Do you wanna fuck me right here in the alleyway?"

Dream blinks, his face red and a head full of sand. "Y... Yes?"

George laughs. "Jesus Christ, Dream. This is a new low for you."

"Fuck off. Just—*fuck*— move."

"Move? I'll *die*. Either cum in your pants or control yourself like a man. I know I'm irresistible but there's a time and a place—"

"S-stop fucking grinding against me," Dream growls, and his hands come down to George's waist, clamping down, trying to get him to stop rubbing him off so fucking well against the fabric of his pants.

"Why?" George asks in a hot whisper before letting out a surprised gasp at Dream's hand cupping his crotch and stopping all his movement. "Don't."

"I can barely feel anything, how'd you pack it up so tight?" Dream asks against his ear, resisting the urge to lick a stripe in his pale skin. George suddenly elbows him in the side of his ribs and makes him drop his hand.

The device hooked against his hip beeps. "Backups here," George says, before squeezing against Dream tightly to escape from the cramped gap. Dream grunts lowly and then falls against the wall, looking up at the sky.

"Are you going to need a minute?"

"Fuck off."

"Take two. I'll handle this." George says with a cocky flare before turning around and walking

away. Dream wants to crawl into a hole and die.

Present.

Despite their differences, when they want to, they actually work quite well together. George's natural attention to detail goes quite well with Dream's observational memory. They're a good team— everyone would agree— when they're not constantly bickering.

Which they *are*.

"They leave no *trace*. There's nothing on cameras and no fingerprints found anywhere," Dream crouches down on the floor, brushing his finger over the dusty floorboards of the warehouse they're in— the one Dream found on Friday which had been a manufacturing plant for those sturdy ropes. They'd been selling them to other gangs and mafias to use against people like Dream.

"Maybe you're not looking hard enough." George butts, and walks past Dream and towards the machines. Dream scoffs to himself.

"We've had our people keep eyes on every camera in the city for the past week, George. Don't come into this case pretending to know it all."

"I'm not pretending," George looks at him with a slight tilt of his head. "Seriously, I'm beginning to think you're a newbie."

"What?"

"Do you not recognize this warehouse? It was used by the Blue Cobra gang whose leaders I busted last year. Word on the street is that they're back in action under new leadership. They used to have mechanisms that erased their footprints, I remember how hard that mission was." George puts his hand to his chin, deep in thought.

“So, what’re you insinuating?”

“That the Sanguine and Blue Cobra gangs must have merged operations. We may still have men working undercover with the downtown gangs who can get us information. Use your brain, Dream. I thought you were meant to be some sort of *genius*. ”

Dream goes quiet thinking. The lack of machinery in this factory points to George’s theory, however, it would mean that they’ll need stronger forces and technological advantages to bust them out.

His lack of silence is taken as defeat. George scoffs.

“No need to get all *shy* around me, Dream. I miss when you were a cocky dickhead. Do I make you nervous?”

“Y’know, George,” Dream says, looking down at him with an unamused expression. “For someone who raves about professionalism, you sure can’t go 2 minutes without being a bitch.”

“Only to *you*, darling. Can we go now? This place is useless.”

“We should still check it out—“

“There’s nothing here, Dream. The police already checked it. Don’t look for a way to get the high ground on me. Admit it—I’m better than you and cracked this stupid case before you could.”

“Fuck’s sake, George. Are your little feet too tired to walk anymore? Do you want to get carried out of the factory?” Dream tilts his head, and George’s face sours. “Some of us do *all* the work and don’t just take the easy way out. Go sit in the car if you have to. I’ll finish checking the place. I don’t trust the police to do our jobs.” Dream mutters, turning back around and flashing the torchlight towards the empty walls.

George rolls his eyes behind him. “Fancy talk coming from the man who couldn’t even solve his own case.”

“Fuck off and shut up.”

“I will. I’m waiting in the car and putting my feet up on your dashboard.”

“Fuck you.”

“You wish you could.” He replies snarkily, flipping him off while walking away. Dream rolls his eyes and tenses his jaw to not let his anger overcome him. Ignoring the *pest* that is George, Dream continues to search the factory thoroughly, ensuring every spot is checked for any lasting clues.

And, much to his dismay, there’s none. George was right after all. But still, better safe than sorry.

Not in George’s perspective. He laughs, reclined back on the passenger seat of Dream’s Mercedes, feet propped up on the dashboard like he owns the car. He rolls his lips around a lollipop as Dream sits on the driver’s seat.

“Told you so,” George sings obnoxiously, and Dream sighs to himself.

“I’m not mad,” He lies through his teeth as he revs the engine. “I rather have spent two more hours looking through that place if it meant I didn’t miss anything.”

“*Yeah yeah.* You waste time. That’s a bad trait.”

“And you’re negligent.” Dream looks at his stupid booted feet and scorns. “Get your feet off my dashboard.”

George throws over a glance, one hand on the back of the seat, the other holding the thin white stick of the pink lollipop which bobs between his lips. He pulls away, lips glossy and damp from sucking.

“Or what?”

The blond tears his eyes away because George is nothing less than *obscene* in the way he kitten licks the lollipop with enlarged brown eyes, knowing just the effect he has on the man. In many ways, it's Dream's own flaws that let him be prey to George's antics. He's too obvious. His body gives way to his deepest, darkest desires before he has a chance to contemplate them. The way he looks at George with hazed eyes is no secret. George knows this, and he toys with it like the evil minx he is.

"Or I won't drive you back. So unless you want to *walk* 5 blocks, get your filthy feet down and behave yourself."

"Behave myself?" George dares, and Dream internally curses himself for his choice in language, knowing George is going to use it as leverage. "Are you going to punish me? Take me over your lap and spank me red?"

Dream snaps his eyes to him, for once unfaltering. "I might just have to if you keep acting like such a *brat*."

"Alright," George airs softly, looking a bit taken aback by Dream's words. He stares at the blond man for a good few seconds before retracting his feet off the dashboard, pulling them up to his chest on the seat. "Sorry, daddy."

George is comfortable like this, frequently sitting in various positions due to his shorter stature, often with his legs over the sides of chairs or folded up to his chest. He's very flexible, Dream knows. One day he'd like to test just *how* flexible.

Dream starts driving fast almost instantly, giving no time for George to adjust. But the older doesn't mind and instead throws his head against the car seat and smiles at the rush of the car whizzing through traffic.

When they reach the precinct, Bad asks Dream to fill in on what took place, since *he's* the head of this case. George, however, puts his hand up to Dream's chest and pats him like he's a child.

"Let *me* explain. The Sanguine gang is in arms with Blue Cobra. This warehouse was probably a ruse to attract Dream while they moved their men from the warehouse we found weeks ago to another one downtown. But, Bad, you can't blame Dream for it. It's like when you give a puppy a treat. It jumps to it instantly without thinking." George says and then looks up at Dream. "That's why puppies need *training*."

Dream holds back a string of curses involving George's mother and instead focuses his darkened eyes on Bad, who looks a bit skeptical, an awkward peacemaker smile on his face.

"Bad, can I speak with you privately? The second in command isn't exactly needed in this part of the process."

"Not if the second in command cracked the whole case."

"With all due respect, George— this isn't your case. It was mine to begin with. Your help was appreciated, but you're done here. You can't just take over my case."

"With all due respect, Dream, you're an idiot and I deserve this case more than you do."

"*Gentlemen*, let's behave ourselves. You are still speaking to your Captain." Bad says with his stern voice which comes often when speaking to these two. "George, when you say downtown, do you mean at the place you busted last year? Is that why there's no trace of Sanguine?"

"How fascinating, you too solved it in under a minute like me. Dream here needed a bit of a push."

"You are so fucking irritating. You two worked together on that case for months, of course you know it better than me."

"Then shut up and let the grownups talk," George warns, eyes flaring in genuine indignation. "With how poorly you assessed your mission last week it's a wonder you even get to lead this case."

"For the last time, the ropes were an unpredicted anomaly. You couldn't have dealt with it any better than I did."

"Yes, I could." George brushes aside arrogantly. "Everyone here knows the case should've been handed to me."

“Boys—” Bad tries, but Dream cuts him off.

“Everythings *handed* to you, isn’t it? Not all of us have fathers who run the detective force academy, George. We all know why you graduated as early as you did.”

“That’s enough!” Bad shouts, startling both of them to turn their heads and meet his eyes. He has a scowl on his face and pushes his glasses up on his hair. “I’m sick of you two bickering constantly. I don’t care about your differences, the least you can do in the workplace is be *mature*. ”

A small silence falls. Some of the other detectives sitting outside Bad’s office look through the glass window, hearing the tumult. Dream and George’s shoulders droop and they look away, controlling themselves.

“Dream,” Bad begins. “I know this was your mission, but George is right.”

“What?!” Dream snaps and George lets out a giggle.

Bad sighs. “You may be leading this case, but George is as much of a lead as you are now with this discovery. Let him talk.”

“Whatever. George can do all the talking he wants. I’ll finish the report and send it to you by tonight.” Dream mutters, heading out of the office. Bad drags his hands down his face but George shakes his head.

“Let the sore loser leave, Bad. We’ll get better work done while he’s throwing his little tantrum in the kitchen.”

Dream doesn’t care for his parting words as he exits the office and beelines for the kitchen. He doesn’t go there to throw *temper tantrums*. He just gets really riled up sometimes and feels hot from anger and needs to stand against the cool fridge with a can of cold coffee in his palm to calm himself down.

The moment he enters the small kitchen of the precinct, the youngest junior detective, Ranboo, walks right out with a terrified expression on his face. Dream ignores him and cools down in front of the open fridge, sipping down cheap watery coffee like it’s medicine. He can’t get George’s condescending smirk out of his face. He wants to punch him at least *once*, he really does.

The door of the kitchen opens and Dream recognizes the tapping of heels against marbled flooring anywhere. He closes the fridge door before he can speak and crushes the empty can in his hand, chucking it in the bin.

“Are you done? Have you put your big boy pants on yet?”

Dream turns and looks at George, who’s standing in the doorway with an amused expression on his face. Dream’s lack of response urges George to keep speaking.

“The case is mine now.” George starts. Dream’s expression angers quickly so before he can interject, George continues. “We’re working with Blue Cobra downtown and I’m more familiar with them. Bad wasn’t hard to convince; what, with your dirt-poor performance at last week’s mission—”

“That’s not *fair*, George. You weren’t there. Bad lets you get away with everything, for fuck’s sake.”

George steps closer to him. “You know, the behavior you’ve been exhibiting recently isn’t quite up to my standards, Dream. Since *I’m* leading the mission on Friday, I’ve decided to do it alone.”

“You are fucking insufferable. That’s not allowed.” Dream mutters, not meeting his eyes. George hums, smiling.

“Aw, what’re you going to do about it? Cry? Don’t *worry*, you poor pup. You’re still young. Some cases just require a bit more... *experience*, y’know?” George tilts his head and smiles. Dream shakes his head, already having a speech prepared in his mind to give to Bad. “No hard feelings. It’s nothing personal. You just suck at this and I’m far better than you.”

George blows him a kiss before leaving. Dream kicks over the trashcan.

“Heyyy buddy,” Sapnap says with pitying eyes and a warm smile when Dream comes into work on Friday. “You doing good? Need some coffee? Maybe a massage?”

“Don’t speak to me like that,” Dream mutters, shrugging off his leather jacket. He looks around the office. Nobody meets his eyes. “It’s not that fucking bad, it’s not like I was *demoted*. ”

“It kind of is. Not literally, but losing the lead in a case is kind of like a demotion if you think about it.” Ranboo states from the water cooler. Dream stares at him with death in his eyes and Ranboo squeaks. “I-I mean, um— it’s nothing like a demotion! I-I don’t even know what I’m saying. You can have all my cases if you w-want.”

“Jesus, leave the poor kid alone.” Sapnap sighs and Dream looks away. Behind them, Ranboo scurries away. “Yeah, you weren’t demoted, but it has to be a little embarrassing.”

“Please rub it in my face more.” Dream says, sitting down on his chair. “I know it sucks. Just means I’ll have to work harder, I guess.”

“Yeah.... Harder...” Sapnap looks around and then breathes out. “George is a bitch for doing that to you, though. I mean, sure, he knows more about Blue Cobra, but why didn’t he work *with* you? You accommodated him for your mission. If he did that to me I’d slash the tires of his stupid car.”

“I’m not *that* petty,” Dream chuckles as he opens up his screen, information displaying onto the thin glass in front of him. He leans back and bites on the end of his pen. “He’s just annoying like that, I have to get used to it.”

“Do you? Someone needs to put him in his place.” Sapnap says, and Dream hums, getting lost in thought for a split second before gaining his consciousness and getting back to work.

After a full day of work, consisting of all the boring aspects of being a detective such as endless paperwork and filing reports, Dream sees day settle into evening and looks forward to unwinding at a bar with one too many beers. People have been giving him pitying smiles and reassuring pats on the back all day. Somehow, *that* is more irritating than actually losing a case. He doesn’t meet Bad in the eyes throughout the day because he is a *little* petty.

There are 5 minutes left on the clock and everyone’s packing their things away to retire for the weekend. Sapnap’s raving about this new bar he found nearby and Dream’s keen to go along with him. Anything to take his mind off the awful day he’s had. He stretches his arms up and is about to

start packing as well when Bad rushes into the main office.

“There’s a problem,” He begins, a worried expression on his face. Everyone alerts and looks in his direction. “It’s George. He seems to have been trapped with the same ropes they used on Dream. He needs backup.”

And the *laugh* which rips out of Dream’s lungs can only be described as manic.

It’s unlike his usual heavy-hearted wheezes or low chuckles, it’s a witchy cackle, with his hands balled up and pumped in celebration. Everyone looks at him and all he can do is laugh.

“Dream,” Bad says in a nervous warning tone, knowing that the roaring laughter cannot be a good thing. Dream shakes his head.

Amidst laughs, he stands up, grabs his leather jacket, grabs his keys, and looks at Bad.

“Give me the location and the scissors.”

“Dream, I’m pretty sure he rather Sapnap or Alex or Ant go help—”

Dream laughs harder. “Fuck no. I’m going, and I’m going alone.” He says. Ant chuck's him the gadget which helps in tearing away the ropes and Dream grabs it with his off-hand. His laugh can be heard as he leaves the building.

The drive downtown is with his windows rolled down, music blasting, singing along like it’s his wedding night. He may never feel such elation ever again in his life, honestly. *George needs help on his mission.* Incredible. Weeks of being mocked and ridiculed by the tiny British man will come back to bite him in the ass.

He hums the song under his breath as he enters the empty warehouse which has car tracks indicating the presence of certain mafia members. Dream clicks his foot against the floors and even does a little spin, the beat of the funky pop song fresh on his mind.

It's absolutely silent, no voice heard except the clicks of his feet, which echoes through the warehouse. His grin turns into a wicked smirk when he sees his figure. George is on the floor, laying with his face planted against the dusty marble.

George is *completely* wrapped in the rope, long and black, and circling him. It's around his shoulders, his waist, his thighs, and his feet. Even his arms are strapped tightly behind him. Like a coiled spring around his small frame, squeezing down on his flesh. It's fucking hilarious, actually, because unlike Dream, who'd just had his hands bound, George can't even move an inch.

Dream sighs deeply and then emits a chuckle, taking in George's body, which lay limp and bound on the floor. Maybe if he was a better person, he'd cut the ropes binding his body. He'd be the bigger man and ask if he's okay. He'd soothe the humiliation of failing a solo mission and be a good partner. He'd be mature. He'd be professional.

But, *alas*, he's neither of those things. So instead, he smirks like an asshole and watches as George's body twitches helplessly on the ground as if trying to wriggle out.

"Well, well, well," Dream says with a beat. "All tied up, are we?"

George stiffens, and then squirms his hips, completely unable to move. He turns his head on the floor to see Dream. His eyes are all big and watery and there's a rope between his lips, keeping him sealed shut.

"What was it you said?" Dream stands over him, looking down with glaring cockiness, one he's earned. "You're too smart to be trapped? Too good to need a partner? That I suck and you're better than me?"

George doesn't respond, just stares at Dream's feet, too embarrassed to meet his eyes.

"What's the excuse, Georgie? You knew about the ropes this time too, yet *still*." Dream crouches down, wanting to not only rub it in but *smother* him with it. He wants to make him fucking *eat it*. He takes his hand forward to stray a falling strand of hair out of George's brown eyes. "I don't know what to do. I don't think I have the experience to help you out."

"I mean, I only had my hands tied. This... what the fuck did you even do?" Dream looks down his body. George squirms against the floor again, as if begging to be released. When Dream doesn't jump to it, George looks up, finally meeting Dream's eyes. His cheeks, slowly but surely, flood to

a bright red and he blinks his eyes excessively.

“*Gah*, I really do wish I could help you, George. But I’m just a puppy without training, aren’t I?”

George whines through his rope, ironically— like a puppy, and Dream snickers. “What? You’ve been a little bitch to me for weeks, George. Maybe you deserve this.”

At that, George looks at him with his big brown eyes and blinks his long lashes, causing teardrops to develop on his lash line. He whimpers through the rope and squirms his hips some more as a single tear rolls down his cheek.

Dream almost scoffs. “Oh, *come on*. You don’t think I, of all people, will fall for your fake crying, do you?” Dream says gratingly, moving George’s hair out of his face. George continues sniffling and tearing up, looking cute and red-cheeked. “You can fake the cute boy attitude to somebody else to get what you want, George. It won’t work on me.”

His eyes glow like moons in the night sky and Dream thinks he’s stupid for falling for it, but he’s *cute*, he always has been, and Dream likes this sort of control over the man. He rolls his eyes and takes out the cutting gizmo from his pocket.

“Fine, fine, Jesus. Stop fake crying, you brat.” Dream says, and almost at once, George’s tears cease, and he sniffs blankly, eyes big in anticipation. Dream reaches for the rope on George’s shoulder and falters momentarily upon noticing how the suit beneath the rope has torn and stuck onto the bind.

The rope presses into his kevlar suit, dipping into his body and showing the indents of his body against the rope. There’s a string of rope strapped over his ass and thighs, squeezing in him tight. It must hurt at least a little. Seeing the rope strapped over George’s ass like that sparks a reminder in Dream’s head.

“You know the rope burns through the kevlar, right? It dissolved the fabric on my sleeves.” Dream says lowly, and George stiffens. He holds back a laugh as he says: “Fuck, it’s going to tear through your whole fucking suit, George. Don’t you just wear those thin panties under this?”

George muffles something against the rope which sounds like an interjection to the *panties* thing, but frankly, that seems to be the least of his concerns. He’s going to be in *nothing*. Completely bare. This felt like revenge from the gods for all the cocky talk he did to Dream— and *god* did he

talk. So, so much. He got ahead of himself. Overconfident. Out of control.

Here Dream was, seemingly the only thing that could put him in his place.

“Poor thing,” Dream says. “You want me to cut you out, don’t you?”

George nods meekly, and Dream grins. It’s fun having George like this. Dream wants to take it on for longer, see just how badly he can screw with George to ensure he never fucks with him again. But, all said and done, he’s not a *complete* asshole. He’s still human, and George looking at him like that through wet lashes could twist even the devil’s heart. Dream brings the gadget back and slices it through the rope between George’s lips.

The moment it cuts and falls, George spits. “You fucking asshole!”

“There it is,” Dream sighs, standing up. George sits up, seemingly being able to do so this whole time, and writhes against his bounds.

“Let me—” he presses his arms against the rope to little avail. “—out, you sadistic freak! I’ve been tied here for god knows how long and here you come with your godforsaken monologue and I have to sit here and fucking *fake cry* for you to even give a shit—”

“A taste of your own medicine.”

“Fuck you!”

“George, do you *really* want to be pissing off the person who’s your only chance at getting out?” Dream asks, cocking his eyebrow, losing the amused expression on his face. George scorns. “Don’t be such a brat. You did this to yourself, now deal with the consequences.”

George grits his teeth. “These kinds of things don’t work on *me*, Dream. You’re the loser here whose dick throbs at the sight of me, I’m *not*. Let me out or I’ll tell the whole office you got a boner during a mission. Alex and Karl will *eat you alive*.”

“What’s this?” Dream inquires aloud as he crouches in front of him again to grab his chin in his hands. George stares at him with beaded eyes as Dream tilts his head. “You’re pretending like you don’t want me to fuck you until you can’t walk a step?”

George shakes his head. “I don’t.”

“Really?” Dream leans in, and George’s nose wrinkles as his eyes train down to Dream’s lips. “Really, George?”

“Really.” He mumbles, tearing his eyes back up and blinking hard, keeping his focus.

Dream chuckles. “So, that night 6 months ago, George. Are we pretending it never happened?”

George’s face falls for half a second before he regains his composure and shakes his head. “What?”

“6 months ago,” And it’s clear in Dream’s mind, the blurred memory of the empty bar and sound of clicking heels. “We finished that mission in Brooklyn,” Dream’s breath ghosts over George’s skin, hushed and low into his ear. “Just the two of us sitting at that bar.”

“I was drunk.” George quips.

“You had half a beer,”

“I was *tipsy*. ”

“I’ve seen you drink a bottle and not break a sweat.” Dream turns his cheek to meet him in the eyes. “Tell me why?”

George looks at him, for once, his cool composure breaking into one of genuine vulnerability. His eyes are enlarged and his jaw quivers. As much as he pretends, the memory is as clear in his mind as it is in Dream’s.

How could he forget? The smell of rum, the sight of a short red dress. Seeing that girl from the precinct in Brooklyn get a little too handsy and fall onto Dream's side. Seeing Dream entertain her and compliment her *pretty smile* and *stunning dress*. How George had sat in front of them the whole night without receiving a shred of attention, growing angrier by the second, unable to finish his shitty beer, wondering why it bothered him so much that Dream looked at her like he wanted to devour her.

6 months ago, on a hazy night, George had seen a pretty girl with bright red lipstick smear it over Dream's earlobes and gone crazy. He'd waited for her to leave after the heavy insinuation of being alone in her hotel room before losing any dignity he had.

"She's gorgeous, isn't she?" Dream had asked with a lazy smile, leaned back on the booth chair.

George proceeded to get up, climb onto the table separating them, hurl himself onto Dream's lap, grab him by his strong jaw, and kiss him with the might of a thousand suns.

Dream had been utterly perplexed though his hands fell on George's waist like he'd been wanting to do this for years. His lips kissed back with a fury, endlessly holding on till its end. George tilted his head and let Dream fuck his mouth with his tongue until his vision blurred.

When George pulled away, it had been with a heavy breath and a damning realization of what he just did. Dream's eyes were widened.

"W-what?" Dream whispered. "...George?"

"I'm drunk." George spluttered, then got off Dream's lap, stumbling out. "I'm going to my hotel room."

"Oh...okay."

George took two steps before turning around. "Don't fuck her."

"What?"

“Don’t. Fuck. Her.”

Dream blinked. “Okay. I won’t.” He then hesitated before asking. “Can– can I come to your room?”

George didn’t even stop to think. “No.”

And the next morning when Dream met him outside his hotel room with two cups of coffee and a neck clear of hickies, he didn’t mention it. George most definitely didn’t either. They didn’t meet eyes for the next week and then settled back into their cat-and-dog dynamic as if nothing had shifted.

“If I’m getting things correct here,” Dream whispers. “You kissed me out of nowhere and told me not to have sex with a woman and yet… I’m the one who wants you?”

George’s face sours. Dream grins.

“S-so, what?” George snaps, cheeks turning redder by the second. “You-you’re just going to leave me here?”

“Of course not. I’d never leave the one leading our case behind. You’re better than me, aren’t you? You should be able to get out on your own!”

George closes his eyes. “Dreeeeeam,” He whines high and long, and Dream scoffs.

“Don’t whine, George. If anything, you *deserve* this. You’ve been acting bitchy to me for weeks and I didn’t forget what you did to me when *I* was tied up. So *no*, I’m not going to cut you free and let you run your merry way.”

“That’s not fair! I didn’t mean to be bitchy, Dream. You’re punishing me for something which isn’t even my fault!” He whines harder, and Dream pinches the bridge of his nose. He hears George cry his name again and looks at him with a stern gaze.

“Shut the fuck up before I shove that rope between your lips again.” Dream mutters, and George stops mid whine with a slightly taken aback look in his eyes. Dream stands up then, towering over him, content with the silence he’s met with.

“Praise me. For 5 minutes.”

George looks up in disbelief. “What?”

“I said praise me. Or you can continue whining, though it won’t get you anywhere. It’s like music to my ears.”

“I can’t praise you for 5 whole minutes, you arrogant asshole! I can’t even praise myself for that long. How full of yourself are you?!”

“Pretty full of myself, I’d say. I’m a Leo, y’know.” Dream sees him roll his eyes. “Praise me, George. Don’t make this harder for yourself. If you’re good I’ll buy you a lollipop.”

George looks away and sucks on his bottom lip for a second before giving in. “Strawberry flavored?”

“Yup.”

“*Fine.* Dream,” George looks down on the ground at his feet, and Dream whistles and starts a timer on his watch. “You.... you graduated earlier than I did and you’re one of the youngest cyber detectives. You’re...” George holds in for a few seconds before spluttering. “*Good.* You’re good at this, I suppose. Somewhat. You’re tall.”

Dream cocks his eyebrow at his pause. “Continue.”

“I can’t think of anything else. There’s not a lot to praise about you.”

The blond gets back down on the ground in front of him. “I’ll give you a suggestion. How about the fact that I’m a good kisser?”

George's eyes waver. "I wouldn't know."

"Or maybe I'm so *tempting* that you couldn't even let me sleep with a woman I liked,"

There's a beat of silence before George meets his eyes, conscious and nervous. "I just didn't want you to fuck someone who wasn't me while I was there," George whispers, and Dream almost *loses* himself. "Is that so bad?"

All Dream can do is grip George's sides and steer him in closer. "Tell me I'm a good kisser or I'll have to prove it,"

"You're a horrible, *horrible* kisser." George remarks sharply, and then tilts his head back eagerly as Dream leans forward to press their lips together. He kisses the older one on his plush, pink lips for several seconds before pulling away.

"Disgusting. You're so bad." George says with a whine stuck in the back of his throat, leaning into him. Dream snickers lightly and kisses him again, cupping his jaw. They nip at each other and push and pull, not letting either win at dominance. Dream moves back and kisses his neck.

He slices off the rope at George's stomach. "Keep praising me."

"You're so tall." George says, and he sounds weak. "So, *so* tall and big. Like you could pick me and throw me to the other side of a room."

Dream nips at his exposed collarbone and snips off the ropes at his chest. "Mhm?"

"You're so smart," George gasps when Dream sinks his teeth into his neck and cuts off a rope at the same time. "You f-figure things out so quick and you're so good at everything you do. It pisses me off."

"Does it?" Dream retracts from his neck where he's left some reddened spots and looks at him face to face.

George nods. "Yeah. Makes me happy to see you suck sometimes. I wish you'd never joined here. I wish I could be the best on my own 'cause- 'cause I'm so *selfish*, Dream. I want all the attention for myself. Even yours. I don't like when you fuck other women and I like when you get hard for me because it makes you pathetic. I want you but I don't wanna fuck you 'cause that makes you want me more. I'm—I'm a selfish brat."

"Self aware." Dream whispers, and George sniffles, tearing his eyes away from his green ones.
"Why're you telling me this?"

George's nose wrinkles. "Dunno. Maybe I just like riling you up. See how far it gets before you put your foot down and—" George falters to a stop when Dream leans into him, his eyes focusing down onto Dream. "—put me in my place."

"Y'know," Dream cuts off the ties around George's shoulders and sees the man ease them from being stiff. "If I was a dickhead I'd leave you untied and unfucked."

"You're no such thing." George clambers, biting on his lip. "Right?"

"Don't know. I still don't think you deserve shit from me. I've been counting. We've been in this precinct for 3 years and you've blue balled me 8 times total."

"Dream— my hands," George whines, reminding the other of his wrists bound tightly behind him.

"Those stay, George." Dream says, eyeing his chest. "Your suit's falling apart."

"I have multiple of these," George looks down and sees the garment torn where the rope lay over it, completely dissolved into nothing. The blades of his shoulders peak and so do his chest and stomach. "You wouldn't happen to have extra clothing in your car, would you?"

"Sure. A lot of the girls I fuck end up needing somethin' extra."

George sneers. "Shut up."

"Does that piss you off?"

“You know it does.” George mutters, and then startles when Dream suddenly cuts off the rope at his waist. “At least tell me first! God, you’re so irritating and brash, you do things without thinking, you’re like a big dog who doesn’t—”

Dream grabs a fallen rope and stuffs it between George’s empty lips. George could spit it out but instead blinks his brown eyes, staring anticipingly at Dream.

“Behave.” He states with a certain tone which makes George’s skin prickle. Dream moves him around so his back faces him, manhandling him with ease.

George exhales through his nose and tips his head forwards to the wall he’s against, sticking his ass out more, back arched. Dream cuts off the ties binding his thighs and knees, and then back up to the binds around his hips and ass. All that’s remaining is the ropes tying his feet together and hands together, but it doesn’t seem like Dream’s going to remove them anytime soon.

The garment on George’s body is fickle and torn, completely falling apart, as if it’s been sliced numerous times. Some of it falls right off, while some sticks to his skin.

George looks down at his body and then back up at Dream, who peels off the kevlar remaining on his skin, especially the ones stuck to his ass. George lets him, and then squeaks loudly when Dream spanks him on his bare cheeks.

He pulls the rope out of George’s mouth. “Every time I spank you, I want you to tell me what you did wrong.”

“D-Dream—”

“It’s not a suggestion, it’s an order.” He says before smacking him harshly over his asscheeks. His face is pressed against the wall now and his hands twitch to grab something. He receives another spank before his brain starts functioning.

“Ahh— I-I shouldn’t have gone alone.”

“Good.” Dream follows with another harsh slap to his flesh, seeing pale mounds turn a freckling

red. It spreads like a bush. The dip of George's small waist enunciates his ass, and Dream holds back from doing worse things to it, things he's *wanted* to do for years. How it feels in his hand, how it'd feel pounding into. Dream's thought of George in ways more incriminating than he'd like to admit.

"I shouldn't have said I was be-better than you."

Spank.

"I should've—" George shuffles on his knees, spreading them further apart, tempting. "I-I should've worked with you and—"

Dream spanks him harder this time and hears him cry out.

"Ow! I—I shouldn't have taken your case and then kicked you off it. M'sorry."

"You're sorry?" Dream grabs his hips and presses himself against his soft back, feeling his bare skin against his clothed crotch. George squirms against Dream's groin and turns to look at him.

"It's just funny to hear you talk all that talk and then end up here, begging for my dick." Dream says with his hand palming over reddened skin.

"N-not begging."

"Well, you will be." Dream falls his lips down on the open junction between his neck and shoulder and smacks him on the ass again, not to hear a response, just to hear the pathetic whimper that leaves his lips.

His ass, spanked a rosy red, pushes back against Dream to feel something. The younger rummages through the pocket of his leather jacket to take out packets of lube he carried with certain knowledge something like this would happen.

"Shouldn't take too long, right? You probably won't last more than 3 minutes," George exhales. Dream slicks up his fingers.

“Won’t take *long* ‘cause you probably don’t require prep with how many men you let fuck you.” He mutters before pressing into the boy’s soft pink entrance, hairless and waiting.

While settling into him, Dream snickers. “Bet this isn’t the first time you’ve gotten fucked after failing a mission,”

“No, it’s routine. But Wilbur was *much* nicer than you.”

Dream feels something overcome him and dips another finger in. “Fuck off,” Dream finds himself cursing before he can contain his avid jealousy. “Don’t even joke about that.”

George throws a smile over his shoulder. “I guess you don’t want others fucking me either.”

“I guess not.” He says under his breath, before rolling deeper into him and hearing him shudder lowly, his shoulders tense. George shuffles his weight on his knees before arching his back a bit more, expecting.

“God, you want this so fucking bad. You were probably hoping I’d show up and see you tied up like the rope bunny you are,”

“N-no,” George stirs his hips on his fingers. “Just— *god*— fuck me already, you’re taking forever.”

“You won’t be the one giving orders, George,” Dream smacks his ass with his free hand and grasps it under his palm, making George hitch a breath. “Know your fucking place. This isn’t a reward, it’s punishment.”

He pulls his fingers out of him and travels it to George’s crotch to squeeze his hard cock. George bucks into him.

“Y’know, after all the times you’ve blue-balled me, I might not even fuck you. Just leave you hard and loose and tied for some other man to come in and take you instead. You’d probably let anyone use you like a fucking sock.”

“Don’t, *please*. Need it to be you.” George cries throatily before laying forwards and pressing his cheek and chest to the ground, ass up in the air in front of Dream, presenting and needy.

“Jesus, look at you. Number 1 detective, huh?” Dream bumps his lubed cock against his open entrance, his hole greedily waiting for him. “Lead of the case, best in the precinct,”

George gasps when Dream thrusts into him, his head pushing into the soft rim.

“What is it you called me—” Dream pauses as he deepens into him, his own furious urges nipping away at him to just take him as fast as he can. “—in the car the other day?”

“Daddy,” George muffles. Dream sinks fingers into the smooth skin of George’s waist and grins smugly.

“I like that.” He finally settles into him and hears George whimper beneath him, holding back moans. “Don’t be quiet, George. Use your mouth. You’re always talkin’ shit from it anyway.”

George moans helplessly as Dream begins fucking into him at a pace, his hips rocking against his ass, the sound of skin against skin echoing around them. George’s moans become rhythmic too, erupting at every pounding he gets, like a broken record.

It settles in Dream gradually that he’s finally fucking *George*, and it’s like *this*. He always knew it would happen, in fact he presumed it’d happen earlier, but he’d imagined it to happen at a bar, maybe after a precinct party, both a little mellow off wine or rum. They’d put their differences aside and admit to the tension that’s been suffocating the air around them for years. They’d admit to the looks they share in the office when they both know they look good. They’d admit to the touches, the quips, the sexual advances.

But *this*? This was unexpected yet so gratifying. Weeks of build up and irritations and conflict being resolved by fucking the boy straight. George wasn’t the only one fuelling the fire, but he was usually the one who started it, so to see him like this—vulnerable and obscene with his hips so high in the air—was a fucking *delight*.

His hands and feet struggle against the binds as Dream fucks him until they don’t, and his whole body goes pliant, letting the blond tear him apart with ease. George’s reduced to high pitched moans and long strings of curses which he can’t contain within himself. It seems it was a breaking point for both of them because Dream’s never seen George *this* broken.

“Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck,” George practically screams as Dream hammers into his prostate. He moans pornographically loud and Dream tsks.

“You’re so goddamn loud,” Dream smacks the side of his hip and sees how easy his pale body reddens. His ass, hips, waist, neck, and face all bright red from the wanton mixture of pleasure and humiliation. It seems to work wonders for George, whose eyes are wide and dilated, mouth half open as he gets fucked like a rag doll.

“Dream,” George gasps. “Touch me.”

“No. Cum from my cock or nothing at all.”

“Fuck– fuck you. Please.” George rolls his hips back against his cock, trying to scour a crumb of control, before ultimately giving up and haplessly stilling against Dream, letting him continue pounding into him. “Please! Please please please—” he mindlessly babbles, words broken and voice cracking.

“Will you shut the fuck up?”

“Make me,” George begs, and Dream shoves two fingers into his mouth. George moans around them before sucking like a good boy, fluttering his eyes close. Dream hisses.

“*God*, you’re a slut. Stupid little slut.” Dream comments with glazed eyes. “You drive me fucking crazy.”

George bites on his fingers and Dream stops inside of him and pulls his fingers out of his wet mouth. George giggles against his fingertips.

“Sorry daddy.”

The older clenches around Dream’s cock so hard he could almost break it off and Dream spills a deep seated moan and squeezes his palms on George’s waist. He rolls his hips into him and then throws his head low, blond hair falling sweatily on his forehead as he begins fucking him faster than ever, chasing his orgasm. George’s giggles turn into pleasured incomprehensible moans as

Dream fastens until they're both enveloped by the musk of sex around them and dizzy with pleasure.

Dream spills into him as George's small thighs quiver. He fills the boy with cum while riding it out, pumping it deeper into his orifice. Upon finishing, he sputters out curses, eyes wide.

"Fuck," He breathes as he pulls out slowly. George is a whimpering mess and needs his attention, clearly, but Dream settles down and watches with a heaving chest as his cum oozes out of George's hole.

Of all the things that happened, he thinks the image of George, still tied helplessly, laying on the ground with his ass in the air, cum spilling out of him, will be imprinted in his mind forever. He wants to take a picture. It satisfies both his ego and his dick.

"D-daddy please." George squeaks, and Dream almost coos. He reaches between his thighs and wraps his hand around his cock, tugging on it harshly with little love. But George relishes in it, mewling into it until he's spilling himself onto Dream's open palm.

Despite performing several high speed on-foot chases together in the past, they're both more out of breath right now than ever before. George sits up and looks utterly messed, his hair ruffled, eyes watery, cheeks red, limps damp. Just the sight of him makes Dream want to fuck him again. And again and again and again.

Dream, too, feels like he ran a marathon. Sex usually leaves him satisfied but this feels different. He feels as if he's coming down from a high, like the elation of party drugs making his chest feel heavy and his mind feel loose. They sit in silence for a long time before George speaks up.

"I can't believe we had sex in a fucking warehouse." George says, and the unexpectedness of his words makes Dream laugh. "You could have at least taken me to your car."

"Shit, yeah. We best scrub ourselves clean after this." Dream grabs the scissors off the floor and grabs George's hands up, cutting the ties off his wrist.

George exhales in relief and rubs his hands over his wrists. Dream moves to cut off the ties on his ankles as well. When he's done, he looks up at George and is met with weary eyes. George looks so *small* then, practically naked and sitting there, a little dazed and confused.

“Hey, you okay?” Dream asks softly, and George nods.

“Yeah. Um— I don’t have clothes. Or a way to get back.”

“I’ll give them to you, don’t worry.” Dream grabs his leather jacket off the floor and wraps it around George’s small shoulders. It practically swallows him. George lets him help, looking at him through his lashes. Dream feels silly for this, but the sudden need to take care of George and look after him overcomes him. The past half hour of bad mouthing fades away into something more gentle.

Dream helps him stand up. The jacket is zipped up on him and fits like a dress.

“I can’t walk, it hurts too much.” George says, and it takes less than a second for Dream to lift him bridal style.

“Yeah right. You’re just lazy.” Dream remarks, and George giggles drowsily against Dream’s shoulder.

George sits on his passenger seat in the car and practically falls asleep as Dream drives to his house.

“How *did* you get tied anyway? I thought you knew how to avoid the ropes.”

“I did.” George mumbles. “But it was either me who gets tied or one of the junior cops present there so I took it and told him to go call for help from the precinct.”

“I see.” Dream smiles to himself and glances to the left to see George nodding off to sleep. “Rest. It’s been a long and hard day for you.”

“Shut up.”

They reach his apartment building and George doesn’t seem to care about the looks he gets from the receptionist when he walks in with nothing but a jacket on. Dream watches him leave and then sighs to himself.

Then he takes out his phone and texts Sapnap *we had sex.*

Sapnap responds in under a minute: *fucking finally.*

—

“Clearly, simply hoping to avoid it isn’t working. Ranboo’s idea is good. If we make a suit from a material which isn’t affected by the ropes, then we can get through and bust those guys once and for all.” Bad says in the morning briefing the next Monday. He stands in front of all the detectives with a projection behind him. He glances over at George with a small smile. “Of course, this is still your mission, George—”

“Dream can have it. I don’t want it anymore.” George says coolly, leaning against the wall, picking on his nails. “It bores me.”

Dream glances at him and holds back a snicker. “I’ll happily take it, but I think me and George should be co-leads since we both know a lot about the case. It does have two big gangs working together. I think it’s best if we work together too.”

There’s a small silence which fills the room, until Bad hits himself on the head and shakes like a wet dog.

“Did I hear that right? You want to *willingly* work with George?”

“We have walked into an alternate universe.” Ranboo jokes, seemingly the only one who can put up with Bad’s corny sense of humor. Dream resists rolling his eyes and before he can speak, George does.

“He’s obsessed with me, Bad. I don’t know what to say.” George sighs, and then stands up straight. “Fine, I accept, as long as it means I don’t get tied up again.”

“I can’t say I won’t willingly let that happen.” Dream mutters, and George eyes him daringly.

“Great! This is amazing, ooh, I have to call and tell Philza. He told me you two would never come together.”

“They came together for *sure*. ” Sapnap enthuses, and Dream resists kicking him in the shin.

After the morning briefing is done, George walks back to his desk and sees a pack of strawberry lollipops lying on his table, unopened. He runs his fingers over it and then feels a presence behind him.

“Is that the right flavor?”

George looks up at Dream. “Are you trying to woo me?”

“I don’t think I need to try.” Dream says in a hushed voice, and then leans in to whisper. “Tell me if you need a pillow to sit on, by the way. You still seem to be sore and I know it’s not because of the ropes.”

George can hardly respond. It’s quite rewarding to be able to turn him silent and shy, unlike his earlier self who would’ve responded with something snappy. He pushes Dream away lightly by his chest and rolls his eyes, ignoring the taller. Dream smiles to himself as he walks away.

—

George is *addicting*.

Dream doesn’t know what it is. Maybe it’s the high reward after a long wait. Maybe it’s the bizarre way they had sex. Maybe it’s just *George*. But Dream’s had sex with countless people (not to brag, but to brag) and yet he doesn’t remember ever thinking of them for weeks later. Images of their time together pop up in his head like an itch that won’t go away. He finds himself stirring his coffee in the morning and thinking about George and the way he throws his head over his shoulder and smiles when he takes cock.

There’s something borderline animalistic about his urges for the man. He thought that when they *did* have sex, as it was quite inevitable, that it would be a one time thing. Maybe twice. But now, he finds himself growing warm in the chest upon seeing him in the office. Dream can taste him on his

lips from simply seeing him. He's an all consuming force, like a metaphysical entity constantly looming in the back of his mind. Fucking him was like a spiritual experience on its own, something Dream wants to recreate endlessly yet preserve like treasure.

He needs him. He wants to sink fingers against plush flesh and nip on pale skin. He wants to see him in every position in every place possible.

It makes it a lot harder to work together.

Over the course of the next week, they have to be partners-in-(solving)-crime. When they want to, they work quite well together, especially when there's no need to belittle or be better. Through research and talks with science experts, they find a substance that can be made into a kind of armored shield which will protect them from the binding ropes. Days pass and while their back and forth remains, it lessens and always ends in an awkward sexual tension which they can't just break away from like before. Their eyes linger on each other for longer and there's more closeness than prior.

Dream finds himself wanting to touch him constantly, always patting his waist when walking past or wiping food crumbs from the corner of his mouth during lunch. George isn't sly either, often running his fingers down Dream's bicep with a lost look on his face before gaining back any semblance and proceeding to ignore him.

Each day, they seem to be getting closer to losing themselves. Moving past him in the cramped kitchen and maybe purposefully pressing him into the counter and seeing him falter was far too fun. Dream needed more.

On Friday, Bad announced that since their computers didn't trace files back to pre-90's, the two boys should ask someone to sort through the physical database to retrieve information on certain strong metals discovered through raids.

"Oh, no need." George waves his hand nonchalantly. "Dream and I can do it ourselves. Can't we, Dream?"

Dream hesitates and glances at him before looking back at Bad. "Um, we *could* sort through hundreds of files and waste half our day. We don't have to, though. Ranboo could do it for us."

"Aw, what happened, Mr. Genius? Not up for a challenge?" George flutters his lashes at him with a

cocky flash which ignites something within Dream. When he doesn't respond, George looks back at Bad and sighs.

"I guess I can do it on my own, Bad. My partner just... isn't *up for it*, I suppose."

"I am."

"No, really, I understand that someone like you needs to run amuck like a puppy before getting any work done—"

"Don't call me that again." Dream grits, and George charges him.

"Or what?" He whispers sharply, and Dream stares down at him with a fiery look, as if *daring* him to say more in front of their fucking chief in command. George doesn't seem to care as much, holding back a knowing smile.

"Gentlemen, *please*. I thought we left your arguing behind. Dream, if you don't want to do it, I can always allocate Alex or Karl to help George—"

"I'll do it. Give me the keys, that storage room hasn't been opened for years." Dream mutters. George smiles coyly and when Bad leaves to ask someone to retrieve a key, Dream grabs George's waist by his arm and pulls him in closer until their chests touch and his lips meet George's ear.

"Don't think I don't know what you're doing."

George brings his fingers up to the buttons of his shirt and looks up in faux alarm. "What am I doing? Enlighten me."

Dream looks at him now, and their noses almost touch. George is dressed casual today, rather than in his tight body suit (which Dream can't look straight at without imagining the rips that bore in it a week ago), and instead clad in tight black trousers that fit well on his long legs and a buttoned white shirt with the first two buttons undone. His collarbones peek through and Dream thinks it's unfair that he can look so good in every damn thing he wears.

“Don’t act cute.” Dream leans in until his lips hover over his, and watches as George loses his demeanor and gets into a trance. “We’re at *work*. Don’t expect anything.”

“Why not?” George whines softly, opening his mouth in hopes that Dream would devour him. “I’ve only been waiting a few *weeks*.”

Dream grins against his lips, still not kissing him. “Remember when you said *I* was the one going stupid after you?”

“You are,” George kisses him and Dream has a hard time pulling away, but the distant footsteps of a coworker make him peel himself off the pretty boy. George exhales a sigh and steps away. Bad comes back in.

“Here.” Bad tosses the keys to Dream. “Don’t start fighting in the room, okay? I’m trusting you two to act like adults and behave. I don’t want to hear any noise.”

“Not even a little bit of noise?” George asks, and Dream hisses.

“Shut up, George.”

“Sorry. We promise we’ll *behave*, Bad. You don’t have to worry. We’ll find those files in no time.” George reassures coolly, and Bad nods, always so trusting of his two best detectives. No one’s happier than him about the new shift in Dream and George’s relationship.

George walks ahead of him, and the black trousers are tight on his perky little ass Dream can’t tear his eyes away from. Everything about him was sexy to the point where the logical, rational parts of Dream’s brain were clogging like a broken machine.

“I’m not fucking you at work.” Dream whispers as they walk down the hallway, towards the awaited room. George glances over his shoulder.

“Okay.”

“I’m serious, George.”

“Sure. I believe you.”

“Don’t tempt me.” Dream mutters as George bends down to grab the keys he *accidentally* dropped.

“Why, I would do no such thing!” George presses the tip of the metallic key into the hole of the door and then whimpers openly. “It’s not going in— ah— *Dream*, help me,” He stutters and looks at Dream with doe eyes which makes Dream feel a bit crazy.

He sees George squirm trying to fit the key in before eventually looping his arm around his waist to reach for the key, jamming it in with ease.

“*Behave.*” Dream whispers into his ear and watches goosebumps form on his exposed forearms. “We’re at work, not a bar. This isn’t how I do things.”

“Yet,” George responds before nudging the door open. “This isn’t how you do things *yet*. You’ve never been with someone like me before.”

“What does that mean?” Dream closes the door behind him and turns around to find George on his knees, hands planted between parted thighs, grinning mischievously with a knowing glint in his eye.

“You can’t resist me.” George says as Dream stares at him wide-eyed, seconds away from being pulled in like a magnet. “And when I say I want your cock in my mouth, you’ll give me what I want. Isn’t that right, Dream?”

Dream fish mouths for a couple of seconds. Every fiber in his being tells him having sex at work goes against his every principle, but the way his dick twitches in his pants makes him forget ethics. George is on his knees and Dream is his idiot.

The next minute and a half is a blur but soon enough Dream’s cock is inches deep in George’s throat and his hand is fisting the back of his hair. Dream’s not the nicest, but George likes that. He seems to like how hard Dream pulls on his hair, moving him up and down his length while all George can do is take it. And take it he *does*, with soft pink lips and watery eyes, flushed cheeks and wavering hands.

His hand creeps up his own thigh and closer to his crotch which Dream notices because he stops all movement in George's mouth to instead bring his foot up and press down on George's dick. George yelps around Dream, looking up frantically, and then blinking a few times before shamefully rubbing off against his foot.

"Focus on sucking me off, I'll take care of the rest," Dream rasps, and George hums, continuing to bob his head up and down, happily throating him with hollowed cheeks and a swirling tongue. Dream closes his eyes from pleasure and tips his head back, trying his hardest to control his grunts and moans which edge passing.

George grows hard against Dream's foot and looks up, wet and blinking, lips lolling over the head of Dream's cock like he does with his lollipops.

"Don't fuck around, I'm close." Dream mutters, and George opens his inviting mouth, waiting for him to fuck it recklessly. Which Dream does, stuffing his cock in and hearing him let out a choked gasp.

He's rough and fast and George takes it like he's meant for it. Which he may be, with those plush pink lips and soft mouth. Dream's fingers curl around the back of his head before shoving himself in deep and hearing him breath hard against Dream.

It's not long before he's cumming into George's mouth, pulling out slowly as he climaxes out, spilling white onto pink tongue. George sits down on the floor, hapless, and gulps down hard, not flinching for a second. He wipes the corner of his mouth with his fingers and sucks off any remnants of Dream while looking at him with lidded eyes.

"Done this before?" Dream asks, breathing heavy. George gets up from the floor and dusts off his knees.

"Why ask? You'll just be upset at the answer."

Dream scoffs. "So is this, like, a thing you do with all your male coworkers? Who's next, Karl?"

"Maybe. I'll see. I keep an expiry date on most men." George says with a smile.

"When's mine?"

“Dunno.” George steps towards him and taps on his chest, looking up all cute. “Why don’t you get on your knees and maybe I’ll be nice and extend it.”

“Fuck, fuck, fuck— s-slow down!” George gasps, his fingers fumbling on blond hair, eyes blown wide as Dream sucked him off hard and fast. “I’m going to— fuck!”

“Shut up,” Dream pulls off and grits with his lips against George’s cock. “Someone will hear you.”

“Okay, just, slow down then.” George whispers, and melts against the wall when Dream takes him in his mouth again, deepthroating him with a little too much ease. George’s jaw hangs.

“Oh,” He closes his eyes, letting Dream take control, hands curling on blond locks. “You’re good. Yeah. Like a— like a good little pup. Wanna put you in a collar.”

Dream sucks harder at that, hollowing his cheeks and making sounds so obscene it made George’s knees tremble. George, for all his talk, is easy to break down. He’s releasing into Dream’s mouth soon and breathes heavy as Dream swallows it up.

“*God*, that was fun, huh?” George says with a lazy smirk. Dream brushes his hair back and nods, suddenly realizing, with a salty taste in his mouth, that they’ve wasted about 20 minutes of this search having *sex* at work. George makes it hard to be a rule follower. He’s callous in the way he cares so little about order. It’s frightening at times, but Dream is tempted by it.

They collect themselves quickly like the *good employees* they are and sit themselves down with boxes of files around them ranging from the 50s until 1985, sorting through all files and searching for what they need.

Both remain silent while they sort through files, which is funny, considering they had their cocks in each other’s mouths minutes ago. But it’s easier to fall into this rhythm, with the only sound being of files falling against piles on the floor or heavy heaves of sighs when their search leads to no avail.

What’s not easy is how Dream sometimes gets distracted in the way George’s brows furrow in

concentration and how his teeth sink into his bottom lip. How his nose scrunches when he doesn't find what he needs and how he drops the files with a roll of the eyes which is nothing but cute. How, when he thinks no one's looking, he's boyish and cute, with doe-like eyes and fluttering lashes. Soft.

"I'll send you a picture of me later, you don't have to keep staring." George says with a tilted look, and Dream looks away with a shake of his head.

"I'll hold you to that." Dream responds. George lets out a faint chuckle. It feels comfortable with him. There's no need for fake snarls or rolls of eyes. Although that tension remains, it feels more like banter, which is a lot easier to work with.

When they finish sorting through files, they find the ones they need and place them in two boxes to distinguish for later. George whines and makes Dream carry both boxes because he's too *delicate* or some shit.

"You're such a baby," Dream says, holding up two heavy boxes with a little effort. "You can't expect me to do everything for you."

"Can't I?" George asks with a raised brow, before leaning up on his toes and kissing Dream on his bottom lip. Dream opens his mouth and closes it. The weight of the boxes seem excruciating now; he wants to drop them and hold George instead. He wants to kiss him with the force of the sun.

George smiles at the silence. "What's wrong? Cock got your tongue?"

But the idea ceases and instead, Dream scoffs. "You're always so quippy. Can't ever have a normal conversation with you."

"Good. Don't hope for it. Leave one of the boxes at my desk, or give them to Ranboo, he'll arrange them better." George waves a hand dismissively as Dream follows behind him. He can barely see him past the two boxes, and when he turns next, George is gone.

Like a whisper in the wind, he's always present yet mysterious, like a gift waiting to be unwrapped. Dream wants to. He wants to melt him in his hands down to his bare essentials and figure him out like he does murder cases. George is pretty yet mean, bratty yet bossy. He's got the intellect of world-class investigators along with the brain capacity of a teenager who doesn't care about the world. He's honest yet secretive and giggly yet cold. He's the one to bring Dream to his knees and

the one begging on his. He's... an *enigma*. Dream's drawn like a magnet.

As the week comes to a close, Dream finds himself standing around with familiar faces on the balcony of an office party with a drink in hand. The night dawns upon them and Dream finds it hard to laugh along to the anecdotes shared when Wilbur has his arm around George. Those two sit on a couch in the living room with some more friends and if George's head inches any closer to his shoulder, Dream might have to get another drink.

Why do I care?

There's something off about Wilbur— something about his light brown trench coats and eye-covered curly hair which agitates Dream. Something about how well he solves the cases in his area of New York and how he and George share some camaraderie because of their shared heritage. Maybe Dream's just an asshole who hates how easily Wilbur makes George laugh and how they go to lunches together sometimes.

It takes one more whiskey soda for him to make his way to the living room and sit on the white couches by the detectives of the self-established rival precinct. George, usually all cocky and righteous, seems to care less about listening to Philza explaining a successful quarter at his precinct. He looks a bit tired with his hand wrapped around an empty glass.

Dream meets his eyes. George returns a small smile before propping his head on Wilbur's shoulder. Wilbur, too entrapped in whatever's being said, doesn't seem to notice, but Dream does, and he forcibly averts his eyes to avoid infuriating himself.

"How about you two? Bad says you're finally workin' together!" Philza chimes to Dream, slapping him on his back. Him and Bad are quite close, considering they often bond over having to be the captain of chaotic precincts.

"What, you and Dream?" Wilbur asks, directing his question to George, who looks up at him.
"Willingly? I thought you two hated each other,"

"We aren't foolish enough to let our differences affect our work," Dream says, because there's no denying that they share an animosity towards one another, even if it's lessening. Everyone knows. Wilbur often jokes to Dream about how he can switch George for Techno if he'd like.

Wilbur snickers. “Didn’t you two get into a fight during a mafia bust a few months ago? I heard from the Brooklyn precinct that you two used to fight quite a bit.”

George sighs dramatically. “Conflict arouses sometimes in work, especially when a certain someone’s so hot-headed.” He says pointedly, making Wilbur laugh. Dream takes a sip of his drink.

“Arouses, does it?” Wilbur asks, a little quieter. George giggles. “Your language choice is always so peculiar, George.”

“Would you like me to say something else?”

“I’d like you to say a lot of things.”

“How’s your play-writing going, Wilbur?” Dream asks loudly, effectively changing the topic. Wilbur’s eyes brighten and he begins speaking instantly and excitedly, going into a tangent, which assumptively bores George, who goes back to looking around and toying with an empty glass. Dream listens to Wilbur intently and with a smile.

“Well, I’ve just talked for a bit too long. Would you like me to get you a drink? I’m heading to the bar,” Wilbur says to George, who nods up at him. “Anything specific?”

“I trust you’ll get me something I’ll like.” George says softly. Dream hates how soft he is, especially knowing how icy he can be when he wants to. Wilbur leaves, and the air surrounding them is thick.

Dream gets up first and walks around the couch until he reaches George, where he leans down until his lips tickle George’s ear.

“Bathroom down the hallway.” He whispers hotly, and George’s fists tighten on his lap. He looms over the brunette for a moment before aiming down the hallway, hearing soft footsteps behind him.

He grabs George first and shoves him into the open bathroom before following suit, closing the

door behind him. George looks at him with expecting eyes as Dream crowds him against the door with his hands clamping down on his waist.

It's a familiar dance, the hands sinking into the dip of his torso and George's staying pliant by his side. His demeanor is soft and innocent as if he doesn't know what he did. Dream looks down at him in a way which makes him feel like a hunter gathering its prey.

"I'm going to lay down two options for you right now, George." Dream begins in a whisper, looking George in the eyes. "First option, you go back to that party, you get your little drink, you can sit pretty on Wilbur's lap or whatever and I don't spare you another glance. Maybe if you're lucky he'll bring you back here and fuck you all nice."

George blinks. "W-what's the second option?"

"The second," Dream slithers his hands to the small of his back and George leans into him. "You be a good boy and say bye to all your coworkers and I take you home."

"Take me home?" George breathes against him.

"Take you home, strip you naked, lay you down on my bed and fuck you till you're fucking *crying* and begging me to keep fucking you." Dream rasps, and hears George exhale audibly, a whimper wavering at the back of his throat.

George looks at him for a few seconds, his 1 wine-glassed out expression trying its best to remain aloof. But it's hard when Dream's got him like this.

"I don't know yet. I'll have to assess my options," George says, then trails his hand up Dream's chest. "What-what else will you do to me?"

He's met with silence. Dream grabs George's hand off his chest and slams it onto the door above his head.

"I'll tell you what I won't do," Dream says, leaning down a bit to meet him eye to eye. George looks terrified yet inexplicably horny. "I won't be nice. If you want, I could fuck you right here too. Bend you over the sink and take you like the little slut you are. You can walk out afterward to all your coworkers, messy haired, red cheeked, loose legged, and smelling of sex. Maybe you can

waddle over to Wilbur and spend the rest of the night acting like your hole isn't molded to the shape of my cock."

George lets out a breath that sounds more like a plea. His eyes are wide. It seems to set George off, because he's grabbing Dream by the collar and kissing him hard on the mouth as if he needs it to survive. Dream presses him into the door and kisses against him roughly.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. Please." George gasps.

"We'll go outside. You'll say goodbye to everyone you spoke to. Okay?" Dream says, thumb dipping George's bottom lip. George nods and opens his mouth to hopefully suck on Dream's thumb. Dream drops his hand down instead and smacks George's ass.

"*Go, George.*" Dream says sternly, and George looks up at him brattily for a few seconds before getting out of the bathroom.

It's funny seeing George saying goodbye to everyone, who take way too long parting ways, with his hands holding his jacket neatly in front of him. He keeps glancing over at Dream, who's doing the same, though taking far longer.

Dream walks up to George when he sees him saying goodbye to Wilbur, and it's almost cute how his thighs are clenched together tightly. The mild confusion on the tall rival detective's face upon seeing Dream 'carpool' George back home is extremely satisfying; but not as much as putting his hand on George's lower back and sending Wilbur a small smile before leaving the apartment.

"You gave me two options," George says in the car. Dream has one hand on the steering wheel and the other on George's thigh. "How did you know I'd choose you over him?"

Dream chuckles, and it's condescending in the *sexiest* way possible.

"Confidence."

Not more than half an hour later, Dream has George under him, knees raised to his chest, arms over

his head, lips spit-slicken and open, letting out heavenly moans, as he gets recklessly pounded into.

Dream's rough as he's precise. He may be mean with how hard he slams into George's prostate but he's never messy. George has tears in his eyes and his fatigue makes him whinier and somehow prettier. Moonlight streams from Dream's tall windows onto his pale skin, illuminating him like there's speckles of glitter on him.

God, he's beautiful under him. He takes cock so well, writhing and panting and bucking his hips up, working with Dream like two waves in the ocean. Dream grips his soft skin and finds it hard to not bruise and bite and mark his pale thighs and small waist.

“You’re mine,” Dream says, teeth grazing over his neck. George moans throatily beneath him. “All mine. I don’t want you to fuck anybody else.”

And it’s a *claim*. It’s a bold statement, perhaps a spillage of vulnerability that Dream can never take back. But he needs to say it, because George, at this moment, is *his*, and Dream wants it to stay like that. He hates how his mind irates him with thoughts of George with other men. He hates how angry he felt seeing George with Wilbur. He hates how jealousy feels. It’s bitter and weak. *He’s* bitter and weak—for George. All for George.

As Dream slows down in his thrusts, George gasps, making him *feel* every impact of his cock against George’s nerves. The smaller nods fast.

“I don’t want you to either— ah—!”

Dream nips on his bottom lip. They were crossing a line, falling from the boundaries of one save haven into unchartered territories, undiscovered and unyielding. The waters were high but Dream was willing to swim. He was willing to *drown*.

It was too fast. It was only a week. It was only the second time. But despite being the second time, it felt as if they were meant for this. They were born for this. They fit like puzzle pieces, Dream’s larger hand swallowing his smaller one. Fucking someone had never felt this right—as if all the axes of the world had shifted to accommodate for their bond. It felt more thrilling than normal sex should. Dream wants to fuck him forever.

“Cum.” Dream demands. “Cum for me.”

George does, untouched, while his lips meet messily with Dream's. He rides his high against Dream's thigh and then pulls away gasping for breath, panting heavily, falling back down onto the pillow.

Dream spills into him shortly after and stirs in him for a few seconds to see him squirm cutely before pulling out.

They lie on Dream's bed while staring up at the ceiling with plenty of space between them.

"I've never actually fucked Wilbur, by the way," George says after minutes of complete silence and the washing down of a post-sex high. "We flirt sometimes, but I've never done more. I don't like having sex with co-workers. It's strange to me. Believe it or not, I actually condone a professional work environment."

"Am I the exception?"

"Aren't I too?"

Dream blinks hazily and thinks, *yeah*, he is. Dream's never the kind to come back to a hookup but George has him in his clutches.

"I knew you hadn't done anything with him, by the way." Dream says, and feels George's eyes on him. "Nobody who's fucked you can let you go like that. He would be crazy obsessed if he had. I bet he fears it. That's why you've never done more than flirt. He knows he'll fall for you."

George laughs after a bit, tired and sweet. "You're projecting."

"Shut up."

"I hope you don't fall for me, Dream. That'd be unwise." George says, and then sits up suddenly. Dream eyes him for a few seconds before yawning.

“You can stay the night if you want. It’s late.”

George stands up. “I already called an uber.”

“Oh.”

He leaves without saying much else. Dream can’t seem to fall asleep too well.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“No.”

“Yes.”

“*No.*”

“*Yes.* With all due respect, George, your plan is utter shit. You want us to negotiate with the gang leaders and go alone? You remember what happened the last time either of us tried doing these missions alone, right?” Dream says with his arms crossed to George, who’s stood by the whiteboard that has the details to their upcoming mission. Details that Dream *thought* they agreed on, but apparently not, because George switched everything up at the last minute.

“With *no* due respect, Dream, I really don’t care. I do remember what happened last time. We didn’t have the proper gear. I’m convinced we can lure them into negotiation before actually busting them.” George says.

“I don’t know how things worked in London, George, but New York gang leaders aren’t easily duped. They don’t trust detectives, and they won’t start with you. You can’t use your pretty privilege with this one.”

“Can’t I?” George then turns to their weary Captain, Bad, and bats his long lashes. “What d’you think, sir?”

“Oh my god. Stop trying to be cute.” Dream mutters. “It’s weird.”

“Don’t pretend like you don’t like it.”

Dream shakes his head because *yeah*, he likes it, and maybe a little too much. George is smiling at Bad all pretty with his pearly teeth and big brown eyes and it’s *repulsive*. Repulsive how badly Dream wants to wipe that ditzy expression off his face with a mean kiss.

“I’m at loss. Why wasn’t this discussed before this meeting? I thought things were going well between you two. Don’t tell me I’ve made a mistake by making you work together.” Bad says with a deep sigh, one that can only be described as utterly exhausted.

“You didn’t, Bad. George changed the plans without discussing them with me.” Dream says in a calm voice, while George rolls his eyes.

“Fuck your plans.”

“*Language.*”

“Sorry Bad, but Dream thinks it’s better if the task force busts them during their bi-monthly meet-up and arrests everyone we can,” George says in a condescending tone.

Bad looks at him curiously. “Why is that plan bad, detective?”

“Because it always causes a few members to escape. In this instance, we must get all members, especially the leaders—” George begins, and Dream tisks.

“Did you read the report I sent you, George?”

“The 17-page one which was double-sided? No, couldn’t get through it.”

“Well if you *did*, you would’ve noticed that we have the extra backup from the other precinct, which means we’ll have our forces on buildings surrounding the warehouse where they’ll meet.” Dream states and then sees George’s eyes go a little round.

“... *Oh.* Didn’t see that,” George says, and then clears his throat and claps his hands. “Well! Crisis averted—”

“Why do you not trust Dream’s judgment, George?” Bad says suddenly, and George stops in his movement. Dream glances away to rub his hand over his face. His partner is an idiot.

“I do.”

“No, you don’t. You think he’s younger than you and less experienced when he’s solved the same number of cases you have.” Bad says, and George purses his lips. “I expect you to be smart and meticulous in *all* your cases, George, not just the ones which you lead on your own. Understood?”

“Yes sir,” George murmurs.

“So you’re going to follow Dream’s plan.”

“Yes sir.”

“And you’ll read his 17-page report.”

George’s eyebrow twitches. “You know it’s technically 34 pages—”

“*George.*”

“I will. Sorry.” George squeaks, and Bad hums. He looks at both of them for a few seconds and then rises to depart.

“Come back to me with the details at the end of the day,” Bad says to Dream, who nods and waits for him to leave the conference room before pulling the blinds down.

“Seeing you say *yes sir* so many times was kind of hot, not gonna lie.” Dream says, clicking the door to a lock. George’s lips are pressed in a thin line. “What? Thought he was going to green signal your stupid plan like he always does?”

“Shut up, you brawny asshole. You made that report so fucking long for no reason, you knew I wouldn’t read it.” George snaps, and Dream’s smirking smugly. George grabs the sides of his leather jacket and pulls him in. “Stop fucking smiling.”

“Aw, why? Does it upset you, princess?”

“Shut up,” George growls. “Kiss me.” He mutters in anger then meets his plush lips with Dream’s, the taller’s hands circling his waist. Dream hums cockily into his mouth so George bites down on his bottom lip before pulling away. He wrinkles his nose in indignation, their lips mere inches apart, before uttering:

“You may have won this time, Dream. But tonight, after work ends, I’m going to fuck you in your car, *in* the parking of the precinct, where the guards can catch us. I’m going to pin you down and ride you so *hard* that your stupid Jaguar shakes its damn wheels off.”

Dream’s eyes are wide and his jaw is almost on the floor.

“Understood?” George pulls back. He smiles. “Don’t wanna upset your *princess* again, do you?”

“No,” Dream breathes out, voice threatening to shake. George wipes the corner of his lip with his thumb and licks it into his mouth before leaving Dream alone in there, head spinning. How’s it that despite getting to fuck him, he still feels so damn blue balled?

Sometimes, their work spills into nighttime, due to nobody’s fault but their own. Sapnap’s often staying behind to finish up reports he procrastinated on all morning. Bad’s often there taking last-minute conference calls. Dream and George stayed back today to finish up the final plans and maybe get the experience of an emptied-out parking lot.

George’s hands slide on Dream’s chest and a smug lopsided grin graces his face as he fucks himself on Dream’s cock, riding him with the ferocity of a wild feline. Dream’s head bangs against the side of his car seat and he runs his hands up George’s thighs, moaning as he bucks into the boy.

“God, so big,” George says, more to himself than anything, his eyes all starry in a hot spaced-out way which makes Dream preen. “So big and perfect. Perfect for me. Fuck.”

George throws his head back so his head hits the roof of his car and moans ecstatically, his hands curling up, leaving the faintest scratches on Dream’s chest.

“Made for you,” Dream mutters, and George gasps, mouth falling as Dream hits that sweet spot.

“Made for me, *fuck* yes you were. Made to fuck me. Like my little fuck machine.” George drills down on himself harder. “My walking talking dildo.”

“You’re so fucking filthy,” Dream grunts, throwing his head back, not caring at the pain he felt from hitting the door. “Got a nasty mouth on you.”

“Fuck it then, maybe.” George giggles, but it turns out into lawless moans as he jacks himself off, close to release. “Tell me. Tell me something.”

“Tell you what? You’re a stupid little slut who takes my cock so well?”

“Yes, yes!”

“Or that you’re—” Dream pauses momentarily as he feels George squeeze around him. *George*, with his mouth wide open and sparkling eyes, a hand around his cock, and a broken expression on his face. Dream sees the slight sheen of sweat framing his figure under the dim light of the car and feels his thoughts circle. He blinks. “—so fucking pretty.”

“W—Wha—?” George looks down at him now, the words unexpected. Dream brings his hands up to his waist, small and delicate.

“Gorgeous. Beautiful, even.”

“Shut up.”

“You look stupidly cute on me. Riding me. Cutie.”

George’s face forms a grimace but his cheeks redden exponentially bright. He cums bashfully, holding back a louder moan. Dream smiles at how George closes his eyes and rocks into his fist, blushing still as white spills out of him in slow spurts.

“Don’t call me shit like that,” George says after they’re done, cleaning himself up.

“Why not? It’s true.”

“Fuck off,” George looks at him closely, half sprawled on his lap. Dream’s still grinning ear to ear and now he looks like an idiot. “You can’t call me *cute* while I’m riding you, it’s demeaning.”

“Aw, but you’re adorable.”

“I’ll bite your dick next time it’s in my mouth.”

Dream chuckles at his aggression. He kisses the corner of George’s mouth and watches his eyes expand. He hovers his lips over his mouth and smiles.

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream whispers, before kissing him quietly. George puts his hand on Dream’s cheek and kisses back, though with some sort of hesitation. When Dream pulls away, he sees George staring.

George slaps him lightly and then pulls away, draping his jacket over his arm and kicking Dream’s back car door open. “Drop me home.”

“Alright.”

Seems like post-Friday fucks became a weekly thing. After their wildly successful mission the week after— which involved *no* ropes and *no* hardening of dicks— both men were treated to an office celebration by Bad and their other coworkers. It was at the bar by their precinct and the drinks were on them.

“It’ll look rude to leave, right?” Dream whispers to George, who’s leaning by the bar, waiting for another drink.

“Yes, asshole. The party’s for us, we can’t just go to fuck.”

“I feel like a high schooler sneaking around like this. Why can’t we just tell everyone?”

“I like having secrets,” George says with a small smile. Dream thinks he’s cute when he’s two drinks in, but he’s also starting to find him cute all the time. George pokes his chest. “Chill out. We have all night. We deserve some celebration after what we did.”

“I think this is the first time I’ve heard you be nice.”

“Shut up.” George turns around with a drink in hand and leans against the bar table. Dream laughs. “I’m always nice. I’m especially happy today. Our city is safe and this margarita is fantastic. We did that together.”

“I like when you’re not mean. Feel like I don’t get to see this side of you. It’s either work or sex.”

“Don’t expect more.”

“You make it hard not to.”

George steps on his foot lightly to impose the end of this conversation. He looks at Dream one last time before leaving to join a group in their discussion.

“Your place afterward?”

Dream nods. George returns it and then disappears. Dream gets another drink.

They do not make it to Dream’s place afterward. Turns out a little bit of rum makes them horny as *fuck* and yes the bar stalls are filthy and cramped but Dream hasn’t been weight training for the past 8 months for nothing. He lifts George against the wall and takes him apart beautifully. George has his feet up over Dream’s shoulders with a dazed expression on his face. He loves it.

“I love how fucking big you are,” George moans as Dream rails into his prostate at *perfect*

accuracy. “Your shoulders and arms and hands and—”

“And?”

“Cock,” George gasps. “Massive cock. I like it.”

Dream breathes a grin into his parted lips. “I like *you*. ”

George hiccups a giggle and sinks his fingernails into Dream’s shoulders. “Are you falling for me, Dreamy?”

“Still got space for arrogance with my dick in you, huh?” Dream pauses to take a breather. “This is fucking tiring, how the shit do they do it in porn?”

“Dunno. I like it, though. Keep going.”

“Alright, princess. Anything for you.” Dream says and feels George clench around him tightly. He stares at Dream through his lashes and takes the last few pounds before orgasming blissfully, head thrown back against the bathroom wall.

Dream cums in him shortly after and then they both try and wind down, panting from the exhaustion of high-intensity fucking.

“Do you usually fuck the boys you like in dirty bathrooms?” George asks as they leave the toilet. The air in the bar is thinner, and the loud music immerses them back into the normal world.

“No, but you do, don’t you? I’ve heard the stories about you. You’re the dine-and-dash type.”

“Hm. Yeah. People bore me.” George says with an exhale, before propping up onto the barstool. “One gin and tonic, please.”

“Two.” Dream says to the bartender before sitting down beside George. Though the music’s loud, the bar’s fizzled out, and most of their coworkers are gone. The ones who remain are drunk and

separated in quiet corners where they talk amongst friends. In their eyes, Dream and George are just like them. Two coworkers having a drink after the party's over.

"So I'm not, huh?"

George looks at him from the side. "Don't get ahead of yourself, now. Never said you weren't starting to bore me a little."

"Ah," Dream snickers, trying to pretend that didn't sting a little. George looks relaxed, looking around with a pleased expression on his face. They both get their drinks and they're two sips in when they get interrupted by a loudmouth.

"Ayyy, there's our crime-fighting superheroes," Karl exclaims, smacking them both on the backs and startling them a little. He's red-faced and clearly *very* drunk. "Where'd you two goooo? You left me here with fucking *Sapnap*. He made me watch him chug a beer."

"You probably liked it." George quips back, and Karl giggles all high pitched.

"Maybe. What's up with that unbuttoned shirt, mister?" Karl pokes at George's abdomen, making the brunet realize his top three buttons are open. "You look like you just had sex. Up top! Was it with that mysterious guy you told me about?"

"No. Shut up. I haven't had sex." George says quickly, looking away from him and focusing his eyes on his drink. Dream's eyebrow rises and Karl gasps.

"It *was*, wasn't it? Here's some George lore for ya', Dream. George has *apparently* been hooking up with some *hunk* he won't tell me or Alex about and he said it was the best sex of his *life* –"

"Shut *up*," George says, and it sounds like a plea. He looks frazzled, which is new for him. Karl's still giggling.

"Is that so? Tell me more, Karl." Dream says with a shit-eating grin on his face, resting his cheek on his fist.

“George said he’s tall and handsome which is *totally* his type. I mean he says he doesn’t have one, but he *clearly* likes them big—”

“Handsome? Ah,” Dream nods. “How interesting. *Gee*, George. You sure seem to be into this mysterious man.”

“That’s what I’m sayin’!!” Karl squeals. “He’s not usually this into them which tells me this guy’s dick must be *huuuuge* —”

“Fuck off, Karl. Sapnap’s waiting for you outside. Get outta here.” George snaps, and Karl turns around almost instantly and runs out. Dream’s laughing as George downs the rest of his gin and tonic in a single sip.

“Fucking *Karl*. I forgot how loose-lipped he gets when he’s drunk.” George growls, slamming the glass back down on the counter. Dream can’t stop wheezing. “Shut up, seriously.”

“Best sex of your life, huh?” Dream asks, finally calming down, even though the elation of this discovery runs high. George burns redder than a tomato, it’s noticeable even under the dimmed bar lights. “Sure don’t sound boring now, Georgie.”

“I hate you.”

“Aww, why is it ‘cause I’m too handsome, or is it ‘cause I’m a hunk?”

“*Shut up,* ” George whines, putting his hands on his face. “I told him that when we went to that wine bar last week in *secrecy*. I was clearly under the influence to be spewing such nonsense. I hate him. I’m leaving. Have a good night.” He says and then gets up from the barstool, clearly intending to leave. Dream grabs his wrist and pulls him in until he’s stood between his parted legs. Dream looks up at him, running his hands down his hips.

“*Hey, c’mon,* ” Dream looks up at him with a lazy smile on his face. George doesn’t look him in the eyes. “You’re s’cute. You’re the best sex I’ve had too, idiot.”

George pauses for a few seconds and then looks at him. “Really?”

Dream almost *laughs*. “Yes. I’ve hooked up with countless people before but you’re... different. You make me feel *crazy*, George. I feel like... I feel like I’ve never wanted someone this badly before and—”

George puts his hand on his jaw. “I like the sex we have too.” He cuts him off, and then leans down and kisses him on the lips. “I’ll see you at work on Monday.”

“M’kay,” Dream slurs, and then watches him leave, staring at his pretty backside disappear out the door. His mind feels a bit muddled, and the thumping of his heart in his chest alerts his sober mind that he’s said more than he should’ve. As George disappears from the bar, Dream thinks of how he wishes he could ask him to stay a little longer. Maybe they could talk all night and drink their minds to dust.

He slumps down on the bar and orders another drink before leaving.

—

The next Friday’s at the bathroom of a bar, and the one after is at Dream’s place, and the one after *that* is during Bad’s house party. Every moment they’re not at work is an opportunity to have their hands all over each other— an opportunity neither can seem to pass. Even in the most inconvenient locations, Dream seems to want to bend George over the nearest flat surface. It’s exasperating as it is heavenly. With each passing day, it gets harder to separate themselves from each other.

With the change of time comes a change of heart. The pace becomes comfortable. Dream looks forward to Fridays and he can tell George does too. He always comes into work with an undeniable pep in his step. They fight less and when they do, it’s almost always just a way to rile each other up and lead to furious make-out sessions in the workplace bathroom.

It’s *nice*. Dream doesn’t know when they went from simply fucking post-Fridays to making out at storage closets at work breaks just to taste each other but it’s nice. He doesn’t know when they started giving each other small smiles when they walked past in work but it’s nice. He doesn’t know when the mere thought of George made his heart skip a beat but it’s all very *very* nice. It’s never been this nice before.

“Isn’t that your third cup of coffee today?” George asks as he enters the precinct kitchen. Dream stands against the counter, brewing a cup. “I thought you didn’t like the taste.”

“I don’t. I just stayed up late last night working on the Jacobs robbery case and need caffeine in my system. How’d you know I don’t like it?”

“You don’t have a machine at your apartment. Seems like a basic adult thing to own.” George leans beside him, placing his cup down, waiting for Dream to finish. “Still not able to crack the Jacobs case, huh?”

“There’s no way those guys escaped from the mansion, it was heavily guarded. Makes no damn sense.” Dream grumbles then grabs his mug from the machine.

“Hm. Maybe they just went underground or something,” George shrugs. “It’s a mansion from the 60s, right? There has to be a bomb bunker or something like that. Cold war era after all.”

Dream blinks at him. “Holy shit, you’re right. They must’ve hidden there or dug out. How did I not think of that?!”

“Cause you’re a dumbass and I’m a genius?” George flashes him a grin. “You underestimate me, Dream.”

“Maybe I do.” Dream murmurs. George leans into him, and Dream, brain fuzzy from new findings and the smell of George’s soft hair, misinterprets his movements and plants a soft kiss to George’s forehead, letting it last a second too long. “Thanks.”

George blinks, then looks up at Dream. He flounders for a second and the stare they hold is intense. Who knew despite having sex multiple times, a simple kiss on the forehead in a kitchen could be so goddamn intimate?

“I was getting my coffee, not trying to get a kiss.” George exhales, followed by a softer “Silly.”

“I know,” Dream mumbles, turning so George doesn’t see the red on his cheeks. “I’m gonna get back on the case.”

“Dream, your coffee.”

“Right,” He grabs his mug quickly and heads out in a swift flash, missing the small smile on George’s face.

“So, was I right, or was I right?” George asks Dream as he comes into work on Friday with a wide grin on his face.

“Extremely right. I’m embarrassed I didn’t realize it sooner. Underground bunker behind a bookshelf-doorway dug out to the bathroom of a metro station, from where they escaped. Cameras caught them.” Dream says, and George swivels around on his chair smugly.

“You’re welcome. It’s hard being so brilliant all the time,” George says with a dramatic sigh, and Dream snickers.

“Jeez, Dream. This must be humiliating for you.” Sapnap says, following behind him with an uncharacteristic frappuccino in his hand. “George cracking *your* case? Isn’t that, like, your worst nightmare?”

It used to be, Dream thinks, but now he finds George’s cockiness a bit cute.

“Totally.” Dream mumbles, eyes trained on how George does a silly dance with his hands.

“I think I deserve to be treated for this,” George says with a big grin. “You’ll buy me drinks tonight.”

“How about dinner too?” Dream says from his desk, keeping his bag down.

“Dinner and drinks?” George asks with a raise of his eyebrow. “Knowing you, you’d get me hot dog and soda and call it a day.”

“Or,” Dream clears his throat while toying with the pen on his desk, hitting the tip against the table, again and again, overcome with a sudden wave of apprehension. “Something fancier. Like, a steak and some wine.”

George blinks a few times. The silence which begets, though only lasting a few seconds, concaves Dream's stomach into a knot. George only exhales in what Dream believes to be *amusement*. "It's starting to sound like a *date*, detective."

"It's not." Dream says quickly. "Forget it, we can just go to the bar—"

"It's fine. You promised me steak dinner and now I want it." George gets up with some files in his arms. He passes by Dream and leans in. "Your place after."

"Alright." Dream whispers back. George spares him a final glance before walking off to the interrogation room to squirm out a suspect. Dream tries to focus back on work but his mind runs in circles.

A *not-date* it is.

"Is this what you call fancy?" George asks after they're seated at a quaint table off to the side in a dim-lit 4-star restaurant where the waiters have bowties. Dream scoffs.

"Sorry it's not up to your British standards. Any place which offers a valet service is fancy to *me* ." Dream says, and George tsk.

"Of course it is. You need culturing, Dream. Have you ever even been out of the country?"

"Once or twice. What about you? I bet you're quite worldly."

"Sure am. I've been all over Europe and South America and Asia. I've slept with men from countries you don't even know exist."

"Yet you come back to the Floridian who sits across you at work, hm?" Dream says with a small grin, and George purses his lips at his response. He then raises his hand to call for the waiter and get some drinks.

Knowing Dream's paying, George orders the most expensive wine there is, to which Dream pinches his nose and calls him a prick. George giggles.

For some reason, Dream thought being one-on-one outside a workspace where they're not having sex or discussing detective work would be somewhat awkward. They've been coworkers two skips and a hop away from sex for *years* now. Dream doesn't think he's ever had a normal, real conversation with the man. They sit across from each other on this table laid with thick white cloth and wine glasses. It's unusual.

But it turns out to be anything *but* awkward. Turns out when their competitive nature at work dissolves, and when their lustful want stands by, they're actually quite compatible. They end up eating and talking about their lives for much longer than Dream anticipated. They talk through their appetizers and meals and desserts and until the wine bottles are finished. They talk until they're the only ones left in the damn place, talking in hushed voices, so lost that they forgot they can't stay here all night.

Something just clicked. Something Dream's never felt before with anyone. It's like he could talk to George for hours and hours on end and lose all track of time. Their relentless banter through the years taught them how to bounce off each other with ease causing conversation to flow like water down an endless river. George doesn't fall back when Dream pushes, *no*, he's an immovable object, he bites back. It's a seesaw that refuses to maintain equilibrium: but Dream *likes* that.

Too often he's seen people quieten at his words, taking his word for the gospel truth as he's the brilliant detective he is. George doesn't seem to care. He's the same. He doesn't sugarcoat anything and doesn't try to be nice. Dream likes that. He likes how harsh George can be without intending to be. He likes how he tells Dream if he's wrong. He likes how he sucks the honey off his pretty little finger while looking him in the eyes. He's a *menace* and Dream wants him more than he can imagine.

It takes a shy waiter to inform them the restaurant needs to close for them to pay the bills and leave. It's later than either anticipated and they're quite blissed out on pricey wine. Enough to still be in their senses, though, and know that their hands brush against one another's on the walk to Dream's car.

"I'd say you made it up to me quite well," George says as they enter Dream's dim-lit apartment.

"I'm not *close* to done, George." Dream says, his name twirling around in his mind like a baton, begging to be said again and again till it's etched out in his mind like a tattoo. He steers the boy to his bedroom and has his way.

“How’s this—” George begins as Dream draws the boy’s feet to the back of his head. He’s laid on the bed, head against Dream’s pillow, and Dream’s face is fixed in lustful concentration as he brings George’s hands to his thighs. “—making it up to me? You’re twisting me like a pretzel.”

“Yeah,” Dream’s words fall short, possibly due to how his brain seems to lose its basic skill of functioning upon seeing George so open and laid out for him. He’s completely on display, present and fluttering for Dream to fuck into ruthlessly. “I know you like it, George. You like when I manhandle you.”

“Do not,” George murmurs, but his eyes seem trained on Dream’s lips, which hover over his inner thighs.

“Do so. That’s why you take so long to finish up your work at the copier, isn’t it? So I have to forcibly move you out of the way?” Dream plants a puckered kiss to the base of his cock while pressing his thumb into him. He knew it’s not a coincidence that every time Dream catches George at the copier, the brunet seems to forget how to use it and begins batting his lashes and asking the most obvious questions with his ass pushed back *ever* so slightly. Every time, Dream explains how the copier works to him, then grabs his waist and moves him out of the way. It makes George’s eyes light up every time, and it’s as hot as it is dumb.

George has his hands placed on the back of his thighs, holding himself up for Dream to devour. “M-maybe.” He looks up at Dream, who licks a stripe down his rim, making him shiver. “I like when you get handsy with me. Dr-Dream, don’t fucking play with me. Do it properly.”

“Do what?” Dream looks up, innocent enough, his lips hovering over his pink entrance.

“You know wha— a *h*, ” George exhales happily when Dream dives in with his tongue, smothering into his hole. He laps his tongue against it before pressing his nose against his thigh and sucking on the outer rim, turning pink to red.

Usually, Dream doesn’t *mind* reciprocating. He doesn’t mind being of service to give the other pleasure. In casual hookups, not getting anything out of it isn’t as fun for him, but George is different. Dream thinks if George asked, he’d let him ride his face for hours solely so Dream could hear the boy moan and whine as beautifully as he did. Solely so afterward, Dream could see his fucked out grin, his disheveled hair, his rosy pink cheeks. Solely so Dream could turn him to mush in his palms and give him pleasure, as that’s enough to get Dream off.

He eats him out for a good few minutes, taking turns with his lubed fingers and spit-slicken mouth. His tongue did wonders for George, making him quite literally lose his mind in pleasure, turning him into a babbling mess who could only cry and ask for Dream's cock.

"Isn't this position uncomfortable?" Dream asks the boy while rolling a condom onto his cock with unmistakable haste. George lays on his back, still with his legs above his head, held back by his hands.

"A little. It'll burn tomorrow, but I kind of like that." George says, eyes hazy.

"I love that you're flexible. What else can you do for me?"

George giggles. "Umm— I can stand with one leg up for a long time. Or bend over completely. Or... do the splits on your dick?"

Dream hisses. "Alright alright Ballerina, don't tempt me. Though I do want to try *all* of those out."

"Maybe next time."

Dream takes his thighs in his calves in his hands and brings them down, hearing the boy sigh at the pleasure of his muscles being relaxed. He flips the boy over snappily, making him let out a soft gasp.

"Ease up. I'll take care of you." Dream says, running his hands down his sides. George hums happily into the pillow.

"You really *are* doing this for me. I should solve more of your cases."

"Yeah," Dream chuckles, thumbing at the bottom of his spine. "Y'know I don't mind doing this more," Dream murmurs, seeing George all pliant and laid out for him, thighs parting to let him in. Dream holds himself up above him and enters slowly. "Make you my pillow princess."

"Shut up," George whispers as Dream presses into him. He bites his lip, staring out to the side. "I don't deserve that."

“Of course you do,” Dream presses a soft kiss to his shoulder and settles into him, deep and burrowed in.

They take a few minutes to immerse into the pleasure— Dream fucks into him fast and courteous and George lays there and takes it, high and happy moans leaving his pink lips.

He’s small under Dream’s palms. His narrow hips are squished between tan fingers which twist and pull at the mounds of his ass to thrust in faster. He tries rocking back onto Dream, but Dream holds down his hips, relishing being in control and giving George pleasure he doesn’t have to work for. George *takes* it like Dream wants him to.

Dream finishes and pulls out mid-orgasm, purposefully spilling onto George’s pale skin, painting streaks on his ass and the small of his back. George breathes heavily and looks over his shoulder.

“Asshole, you fuckin’ came on me.”

“I know.” Dream says, reaching under his stomach to grasp at his cock and *tug*, making the boy buck up with need. “It’s so you don’t just up an’ leave.”

“W-what?”

“*Stay.*” Dream whispers in his ear, and his hushed whisper makes George get off faster. “You can take the couch if you have to, I’m just sick of you refusing to sleep over. It’ll be easier for you.”

“I *know,* but—” George closes his eyes. He presses his face into the pillow and humps Dream’s fist a few more times before cumming, streaking Dream’s hand.

When he’s calmed down, he sits up lazily and looks at Dream with a yawn threatening to leave his lips. “I’ll stay, but if you make me breakfast in the morning I’m never coming back.”

“I won’t be that nice, don’t worry. Do you want the couch?”

George stirs, then slowly gets up from the bed, eyeing the bathroom. “No.”

“I can go, then—”

“You had your dick in me minutes ago, we can share the same bed, dumbass.” George mumbles. “I’m taking a shower,” George adds, then throws Dream a look. “I don’t know how your water works.”

“I’ll show you,” Dream says, following after him, not missing the grin that graces George’s face.

Despite the lethargy, it’s difficult not to get hard again at the sight of George with tousled wet hair falling on his eyes and soap bubbling over his body. George, too, seems to be enamored at the sight in front of him, raking his hands down Dream’s abdomen which drips with water.

“You think anyone’s catching onto us?” George asks breathlessly as he’s pressed against the wall of the shower and fucked into.

Dream huffs against the back of George’s head, his hands gripping the space above the round of his ass. “Probably just Sapnap.”

“Mhm. I think Bad might know something’s up too— ah!” George gasps when Dream fucks into his prostate. “God! Why don’t we do it two times more often?”

“Cause you always leave the minute we finish,” Dream looks up at him and sucks on his sharp jaw, lined with the faintest stubble.

“Didn’t know you wanted me to stay.” George admits in a softer tone, eyelids rolling shut.

“I do.”

“Then I will.”

When Dream wakes up the next morning, it’s to an empty bed and a text on his phone from George

at 8 am exactly.

Had 2 leave early for yoga class. Took a Caprisun from your fridge. What kind of adult man keeps Caprisuns in his fridge?? Freak. See u monday.

Dream reads the message once with a small smile on his face, and then again, and then *again and again* until his smile slowly wears off.

He wishes, sometimes, that he wasn't a fucking detective. If he could live in blissful ignorance, he *would*. But he's an observant piece of shit with excellent deduction skills who knows George leaves work on Wednesdays in Yoga pants and keeps a business card of said Yoga place which has *OPEN MON-FRI* written very clearly on the front.

He settles back down on his bed knowing that George lied. Dream would feel quite pleased by his detective finesse if it didn't mean George lied to get away early.

Was it his fault? No. Dream's a dumbass. A dumbass who tried to turn this into something it isn't.

Maybe because they got too close last night to something they hadn't discussed. A (not) date, long talks, comfortable laughs, gentle sex. Coming so close to spooning. It's been months but maybe they weren't ready yet. They're coworkers and beyond that, *rivals*. They've been rivals ever since Dream set foot in the damn precinct and made a comment about how short George was. *Maybe*, that's all they were ever meant to be.

—

“And lastly on protocol, there’s word that dealers of the new ecstasy drug ‘Crimson’ will be at Le Vortex nightclub next Friday night– so George, Dream, you’ll be sent there to investigate. Be undercover, though, you know how those places hate detectives. That’s all, the meeting’s dismissed!” Bad ends and everybody gets up from the chairs to exit the briefing room. Dream, who’s on his way out, feels his arm get tugged, forcing him to stay back in the briefing room while everybody else leaves.

“You,” George says curtly, turning him so they can meet face to face. He doesn’t look too happy.
“Why’re you ignoring me?”

It's been a few weeks since their last hookup. A buildup of cases and overwhelming paperwork had caused Dream to sacrifice some Friday nights working at the office. George never gave him more than a nod when his offers to *sneak away to Dream's car* were declined. However, he seems to have drawn his last straw.

"I'm not ignoring you. Say, do you have more information on the drug? Maybe it can be traced back—"

"Shut up," George grits. "You *are* ignoring me. You don't respond to my texts and barely look at me at work. I'm not wearing this tight fucking suit to not be looked at, Dream."

"I'll... look at you more, then." Dream says with a strained chuckle. "Can I get any files on the drug—"

"What happened to our weekly Friday thing?" George asks, the faintest hint of genuine worry slipping past those angry eyes. "I've read your reports, they're not that good for you to be wasting all those Fridays on them. Come to the bar after work ends today."

"I'm busy. Seriously, can I get the report on this case?"

"What the hell's your problem? If you're busy tonight then just... meet me in the storage closet during lunch. I'll only give you the stupid files then." George folds his arms.

"*Or,*" Dream cuts in a lower tone. "You'll give me the files because we're partners on this case, and I asked you to,"

A look of startled hesitation flashes on George's face, an expression he doesn't let last long, as it's quickly replaced by a more soured, angered look.

"They're on my desk, just take them," George mutters. "But if you keep acting like this, I'll go fuck Wilbur. Sort your shit out."

Dream didn't *want* to get angry but he can't help it. It's only so many times he can handle George threatening to go fuck some other guy in exchange for attention. "Go do it, no one's stopping you."

George stares at him for a few seconds and then turns around to storm out. “Fine. I will.”

“Have fun.” Dream says before exiting the room, walking past George’s desk, and picking up the files on the way.

It’s not that he’s purposefully ignoring George, *no*, he just has a *lot* of work. Tremendous amounts of work. Like, piles and piles of paperwork he’s choosing to write by hand instead of type out because maybe, subconsciously, he doesn’t want to be around George. *Maybe*, subconsciously, he hates how goddamn weak the man makes him feel. He hates that he wants to cuddle him after rough sex and pepper soft kisses down his shoulders. He hates it because it’s not what they planned on— and it may never be.

That said, George is acting like a fucking teenager. He disappears around lunchtime to visit the other precinct to *collect some files* and comes back with messy hair, reddened lips, and a convicting flush on his cheeks.

It takes everything in Dream’s power not to throw his mug of coffee against the wall and see it explode into pieces. His relationship with George is just them hooking up so *obviously*, George would find other places of recluse once Dream leaves.

He’s a stubborn asshole beneath it all and Dream can’t blame anybody but himself for it. He’s the one who caught feelings he can’t shake away like a fucking idiot. The last thing he wants to do is be vulnerable and admit to George that he wants more because he knows George doesn’t want more or less than sex.

He wishes it could just be a matter of convenience. Two co-workers fulfilling their burning desires by fucking each other in the depths of Friday nights. But *no*, George had to have a pretty face and a prettier smile and make Dream feel things. He fucking hates *feeling things*.

It’s been weeks and Dream feels an agonizing itch on his skin to touch and kiss George. Seeing him glassy-eyed and red-cheeked due to another man feels him with indescribable rage. If Wilbur Soot walked into this office in the next hour, he might strangle him to death. Of course he won’t. But he wants to. Oh my *god* does he want to.

He leaves work early. For his own sake (and his mug’s). George doesn’t spare him a glance.

Next Friday comes and Dream finds himself dressed in a tight black t-shirt and baggy pants that fit on the hips—‘nightclub attire’. He doesn’t usually go clubbing, so this is relatively new. He’s more of a bar and beer guy.

George seems more in his element, wearing a sheer pink shirt over a black tank-top along with checkered pants that come up to his waist and wrap tightly around the dip with a belt that swings low. He manages to look both dumb and sexy at once. Dream wants to fuck him over a surface.

But they’re at *work*. It’s 11 pm, the bass is boosting underneath their feet, the room smells like alcohol and lime, but it’s all work. They’ve been at the nightclub for ten minutes and it’s already the worst mission of Dream’s life. Not because they’re surrounded by drunk dancers, but because it’s painfully tense between the two detectives.

Dream and George didn’t speak *once* in the car ride here. In fact, the only words they’ve exchanged in the past 72 hours have been about the case— that too in straightforward detail.

“Stop looking around like that,” George says to Dream, the first words he’s spoken all night. They’re standing by the bar, which is the least crowded place. Dream was eyeing the people at the booth suspiciously but George’s words drew his attention away. “You look like a Narc.”

Dream exhales and leans against the bar table. “Shouldn’t we go to the floor or back to the rooms? That’s probably where the drug’s being dealt.”

“At least blend in first.” George murmurs, and Dream, looking at him closely now, notices the slight gloss on his lips and the tint on his cheeks.

“Are you wearing makeup?” Dream asks.

“A little. I borrowed it from Puffy.” George says, though he looks a bit conscious now and puts his finger over his lips, accidentally smearing his gloss in the process. “Is it too much?”

“No, *no*, it looks good. Fine.” Dream says, then reaches his thumb up and wipes the corner of George’s lip. George stares at him. Dream drops his hand and clears his throat. “How do we blend in?”

“For starters, loosen up.” George says. “Maybe get a drink. I think we should ask around first, but we need to look casual doing it.”

“Right, casual. How do you suggest we—”

“Shush, watch.” George hisses, then spins over and looks at the bartender with a dazzling grin. “Hiii. Sam, is it? Sam, c’mere,” George says after reading the green-haired bartender’s name tag. He uses his finger to gesture him closer. The bartender looks at him and Dream sees a faint blush on his cheeks form already. He comes to him quickly.

“Hey, can I help you with anything?” Sam asks, and George nods, his eyes droopy in a way that makes him look drunk.

“I’ve been club-hopping for the past 3 hours and each place keeps disappointing me.” George pouts, and Dream’s almost amazed at how easily he seems to slip into this role. “Say, you wouldn’t happen to know where I could get my hands on some… Crimson, would you?”

The bartender scowls instantly, and Dream holds his breath. Maybe George was too overconfident about this plan. Asking a bartender might give off the wrong idea—

“W-we’re not that kind of club, sir.” The guy stammers though he looks around hesitantly. “I’m not sure where—”

“Are you kidding me?” George climbs up, sitting on the bar table itself. Sam looks up deliriously. “I’ve been looking everywhere and—” George grabs Sam’s collar and pulls him in close until their faces are inches apart. “*God*, I just want to get high off my fucking mind and fuck some guy I barely know so tell me you know *something* at least. This *has* to be the place. I’m going home after this and I *don’t* want to go alone.”

“D-Do I count as a guy you barely know?” Sam squeaks, and George giggles.

“You do now.” The brunet whispers and Sam gulps. He looks around and then back at George.

“Look, I-I— um— I don’t know exactly, but there’s these guys who rent the room out back and they

usually sell it around the dance floor.”

George gasps animatedly. “Which room?”

“I can’t give you that information but I’m sure if you go to the dance floor—”

“Oh, Sam, you’re *so* helpful, thank you.” George leans forward and pecks him square on the lips. Sam turns the brightest shade of pink Dream has seen on a man.

“Y-yeah, yeah, no problem. No problem.” Sam stammers as George leaves. Once he and Dream are far away, he switches back to his composed self, sighing out.

“Well that was easy.”

Dream scoffs. “A little *too* easy. Do you do that often?”

George looks at him. “What, kiss random dudes and make them fall in love with me? Sure. D’you see any suspicious guys on the dance floor?”

Knowing that there are probably tens of guys out there hopelessly in love with George makes Dream feel like a stupid little puppy dog. He’s just one of the many men wrapped around his finger, and that’s all he’ll ever be. Seemingly, George can move on with a snap of his finger if he wants to. He probably already has.

“No. The 2nd floor has 30 small rooms by the way, and we can’t possibly go knocking on all of them, we’ll seem like cops. You’re not pretty enough to get through them.”

“I’m pretty enough to do anything. But you’re right, it’ll seem suspicious. I think we should look around on the dance floor and catch someone selling, then follow them up.” George then grabs Dream’s hand and drags him to the dance floor. Dream feels hesitant but puts on a nightclub-appropriate demeanor on his face to not draw attention.

As soon as they immerse themselves between the numerous sweaty bodies, they’re lost. It’s them amongst a wave of flushed drunkards who are dancing the night away. George grabs Dream’s

hands and puts them on his own hips.

“Focus,” George whispers. “I feel like I’m doing *all* the work on this mission, Dream.”

“Would you rather me take control? I know how petty you get when I accomplish anything in the cases you lead.” Dream says in a whisper to his ear. George runs his hands up his chest.

“You won’t be accomplishing anything if you keep being dead-weight.”

“Alright,” Dream spins him around and brings his back flush to his own chest. “Guy in the purple shirt at your 9’o’clock. *Don’t look,*” He grits, and George goes quiet and nods. “Keep dancing, George, you don’t want to seem suspicious, do you?”

“No,” George breathes out and rolls his hips back onto Dream to the rhythm of the music.

“There’s another guy in a black turtleneck a few spaces behind us. Do you spot them?” Dream asks with cautious footing. George nods. “Good. Here’s what I need you to do,” Dream presses his lips against his ear and continues swaying ever so slightly so to seem as if he’s dancing. “Bend over completely like you said you can and look at their shoes. Tell me if they’re similar.”

“O-kay,” George whispers before bending over. Although the position seems odd, it’s not all that off-beat for whatever’s going on at this club. There are worse things happening on the dance floor. Dream grinds against him lightly while George looks for those mens’ shoes.

He stands up straight instantly and Dream spins him around. George falls against his chest.

“Yes. They’re both wearing black shoes which are lined yellow,” He whispers, and Dream hums.

“Thought so. They’re the dealers. We have to follow them up.”

“How did you know...?”

Dream brings him out of the dance floor and they isolate themselves by the wall. “Crimson is

being sold by the Reinsman drug syndicate. Remember Reinsman? We learned about him in the academy, he was busted a decade ago and fled the country but there's been word that he resurfaced. I remember Bad telling me that Reinsman would make his men wear the same kind of shoes so they could identify each other in crowds since his operation is so widespread. This is bigger than we think it is. This could lead us to catch Reinsman. We can't arrest anyone tonight, we—”

“Dream, those guys are looking at us. I think they know.” George hisses, gesturing to the side. Dream glances and sees those two men in the purple and black staring at them and muttering something amongst one another.

“Fuck, that dumb fucking bartender must've snitched. Crimson's still very underground, I knew you shouldn't have stated the name. Are they— are they still looking?”

“How else was I meant to get information? Fuck, they're coming, just— *ugh* —” George grabs Dream by the shirt and pulls him in, pressing their lips together.

Effectively, it seems to work, because those two men seem less skeptical upon seeing them kiss, even backing off a few steps. George holds onto Dream's shirt *tight* and kisses him hard— harder than two detectives on a case should be kissing.

“Grab my ass, grab my ass,” George hisses into his lips, and Dream, although not understanding why exactly, still follows through and grabs George's ass tightly. George mewls into his mouth, and it doesn't sound fake.

Dream looks over his head while kissing him and spots the two men leaving to retreat upstairs. He parts from George, but their breaths mingle together momentarily, almost causing Dream to feel dizzy.

“Why'd you— um— ask me to grab your ass?” Dream asks faintly.

“Makes it more realistic? What kind of detective grabs their partner's ass?” George says, then looks away. “Those two guys are gone. Let's follow them.”

“*No*, ” Dream catches him by the waist. “Listen to me. We can't arrest anybody tonight, especially not those guys. We just have to get leads on who their dealer is, it'll lead us to Reinsman. We'll catch the bigger fish, it'll be amazing.”

George blinks up at him. “Oh... okay, yeah, you’re right. You’re really into this Reinsman guy, aren’t you?”

“Yes. I’ve been reading on him for years now, it’s a dream of mine to take down a drug syndicate leader.” Dream doesn’t even realize he’s grinning wildly until he feels George cup his cheeks.

“Alright. Control yourself. Let’s go up there and get some information.” George whispers. Dream nods and then nudges George’s nose with his own. “*Hey*, no kissing unless it’s relevant to the—” Dream kisses him softly and then pulls away. “—case...”

“Sorry, just excited. Let’s go.” Dream whispers, and George nods, though looking the slightest bit disoriented.

They scavenge through the rooms upstairs, stumbling into countless unseemly sights of man-atop-naked-woman before finally finding the room splayed with suitcases full of bagged pills of Crimson. George smiles.

“Jackpot,” George says. “Where did those two guys—”

“You looking for us?” A man gruffs, and both Dream and George turn around instantly to find the men in the black and purple staring them down, holding guns in their hands. Dream purses his lips, knowing he can’t reach for his own gun right now. “What do you two want? We saw you staring us down downstairs. What’re you— narcs?”

“No, *no*,” George shakes his head, eyes enlarging animatedly. “We hear you guys sell Crimson and I just wanted to get my hands on some—”

“Yeah, that’s what the bartender said.” The purple-shirted guy steps into the room, the one in black closing the door behind them. He puts his gun down and moves closer to George, who keeps up the drunken look. “You’re looking a little too hard for this drug, aren’t you?”

“He’s British, came for a vacation. Wanted to try every American specialty he could find before leaving.” Dream mumbles. The two men chuckle, seemingly buying it.

“Oh yeah? Well, the bartender also told me that you said you’d fuck a guy for it. S’that true?”

George, wide-eyed and nervous, gulps slowly. “T-that was hyperbolic. I have money.”

“Nah, I don’t want money. You want this drug so bad, I’m willing to give it to you. I’m sure your boyfriend here won’t mind, eh? He can watch, we’ll give you extra.”

George looks at Dream, who’s just as tense and conflicted and fucking confused. The man steps closer to George and grabs his waist. “Oh come on, pretty boy. I’m sure you get around. You look like the type.”

George lets out a hesitant giggle, and it makes Dream see red because George is only going along with this because Dream told him not to make any arrests, otherwise he’d have the guy pinned on the floor already.

The rage makes him black out momentarily and in his haze, he punches the guy square in the face, hitting him so hard the bone in his nose makes a noise.

“Don’t fucking touch him,” Dream lets out, not realizing how fucking *protective* that sounds. George looks startled and moves back. Dream kicks the guy on his side as he groans in agony on the floor and then looks at the guy in the black shirt, who’s both terrified and annoyed.

“You *are* narcs, aren’t you?” He says and then holds his gun up hastily when Dream steps towards him. “Don’t come near or I’ll shoo—”

Dream grabs his gun and twists his arm before shoving him against the wall and kicking him in the groin. The guy cries in pain. Dream grabs George by the hand and pulls him out, closing the door and jamming it shut behind them.

Though they don’t leave the club *completely* empty-handed.

“I got this off their bag,” Dream says, holding up a piece of paper. “Has the location of their dealer. We got a lead.”

George nods but remains silent as they get in the car. Dream feels choked in the tense silence as if he should say something, *anything*. George is difficult to read sometimes, especially when he resorts to silence.

“Why did you do that?” Is what George says after minutes of driving down an empty open road in complete silence. “I wasn’t going to let him touch me. I’ve trained in combat for years, I could’ve handled him. You—you blew the whole fucking case for yourself.”

Dream tenses his jaw, knuckles white over the steering wheel clenched tightly. “Right. Sorry for helping.”

“You know I would’ve been fine. Now they know who we are, and they’ll definitely inform their bosses ‘cause they probably think we’re detectives. The whole thing may blow over and Reinsman might go back into hiding. Or *worse*, the case will be handed to fucking Wilbur and Techno and Bad will make us do lost-cat cases for a month—”

“George,” Dream begins, stopping at a red light.

“No, shut up. Do you realize what you did? I thought you said this case meant something to you—that you wouldn’t risk arresting them because it’s been the only thing on your mind for years. Honestly, Dream, we might’ve just lost one of the biggest drug lords in New York and you don’t even look slightly fazed—”

“I couldn’t fucking think straight, okay?” Dream snaps loudly, making George go quiet. “I didn’t want him to hurt you. I know you can protect yourself but I *hate* that I put you in that position in the first place.”

George looks stunned for a few seconds before iterating “It’s our *job*, Dream.”

“I know that.” Dream mutters before beginning to drive again, the light flashing green. “And I know I just blew the fucking case for myself and it’ll go to Wilbur and Techno and they’ll get all the credit. But it—” He takes a quick breath before saying. “—it’s okay if it means you didn’t get hurt.”

George looks almost infuriated. “Why? Why would you do that for me?”

As he pulls into the parking lot of the precinct, he feels a strange numbness to his feelings, realizing that he rather speak his mind than let those emotions stockpile within him and collect dust. There's only so long he can keep sane and pretend.

"I care about you." Dream says, and it comes out softer than he intends. There's moments of quietness that could swallow Dream whole, but he persists. "I know you told me not to, but you make it so-so hard, George."

"Do I?" George says bitterly, looking out of the window. "You care about me, huh. It's not like you've been ignoring me for weeks."

"I didn't know how to handle what I felt—"

"And me?" George looks at Dream. "You stop responding to my texts, you stop looking at me or speaking to me, you stop wanting to fuck me. I know feelings are a lot to handle but how'd you think that made me feel?"

It feels like a punch to the gut. "Sorry."

"I need fresh air." George ducks out of the car quickly, and all Dream can do is grab the keys and follow him towards the bench outside the precinct, stained with cigarette buds and spilled coffee.

"I didn't want to make you feel uncomfortable. You told me not to expect anything, so I... I cut you off to not make things worse for myself. I'm sorry. But I was kind of right to do so. You did go fuck Wilbur *during* a lunch break just to get back at me."

"No, you idiot." George looks up at him with folded arms. "I went to eat lunch alone and ate super spicy food so my face was all red and then messed my hair up."

"...Really?"

"Yes!" George snaps, and then points his finger. "I—I wanted you to think he fucked me. I guess I wanted you to care." George mumbles. "I'm fucking pathetic. More pathetic than you. I'm the one who should be pushing you away."

“You’re not pathetic. It’s messed up that you did that but also... kind of cute.” Dream says, his numbness easing away and his heart pumping wildly in his chest.

“Sorry. I thought we were over.” George says, voice small.

“Do you not want to be?”

“No!” George snaps, but his aggressive look melts away into a more vulnerable one. “I don’t want you to go.”

Dream steps towards him. “I never wanted to go. I didn’t think you cared for me because you never wanted to stay in my apartment and kept telling me not to fall for you.”

“That’s my rule with everyone, so I did what I usually do and tried staying distant. I hate when the men I fuck catch feelings for me. I don’t want them to. I don’t want things getting weird.” George states, and Dream hums, awaiting disappointment. George looks up at him with annoyance in his eyes.

“But then you show up. You—you big blond dickhead who looks like someone Netflix would hire to play a 16 year old jock in a shitty teen drama. It’s like what people say. You don’t know what you want until it’s gone.” George shakes his head. “You made me feel things. Fuck you. No one’s done that for a while.”

Dream’s grinning now, he can’t help it. “Yeah. Sucks, doesn’t it?” Dream looks away as the wind gets colder. There’s moments of silence between their words yet it doesn’t feel empty. It feels full. It feels comfortable. The New York night is riddled with confessions and the distinct smell of the nearby river. Cold yet so aware of what it’s become.

“I’m sorry for ignoring you these past few weeks. Believe me, it’s hard. Especially when you... bend over like that every time you drop a pen.”

“I dropped *so many pens*.”

“I know,” Dream laughs. “I know. You’re so cute, fuck. I like you, George. More than just sex. More than just... fucking you in bars and then leaving.”

George taps Dream's foot lightly with his own. "I didn't like leaving. Things like this just scare me sometimes, y'know?" He looks up. "I like you too, I guess."

"You guess?" Dream asks, though it flusters George and makes him stomp his foot lightly. He chuckles heartily and beckons him in. "C'mere, asshole." George steps in and lays his head on his chest. Dream wraps his arms around him in a tight hug, placing his chin atop his head. "I guess someone as cold as you can be melted too, huh?"

"Shut up." George groans into his chest, though he doesn't move away from the hug, in fact, stays still against him, hearing the beat of his heart. "We've never hugged before."

"Hm. That's true. I like it." Dream whispers, and George hums. "I'll be honest, I thought we were incompatible hot-heads but maybe we can... work this out? Slowly. There's no rush. We can figure it out."

"Yeah. No rush." George looks up at him, his nose tickling Dream's chin, and Dream thinks it's the cutest thing he's ever seen in the world. "I'll start staying over at your apartment from next time."

"Next time being... tonight?"

"Absolutely."

"Great." Dream snickers and leans down to kiss him on the lips. George wraps his arms around his neck and kisses him back, softening in his hold. Their lips feel warm amidst the chilly night. Dream thinks he could do this forever.

—

"Look who's here," Dream yawns as he enters the kitchen the next morning, seeing George in *his* t-shirt and nothing else, standing in front of his stove. "Mr. Yoga class on Saturdays."

"Remind me never to lie to a detective again." George sighs.

“You can lie to detectives. Just not *me*. I’m a super detective.” Dream comes up behind him and hesitates for a split second before ultimately thinking *fuck it* and wrapping his arms around George’s waist. “What’re we cooking?”

“Pancakes.”

“Pretty sure those are crepes.”

“Whatever they are, you’ll eat it and you’ll like it.”

“Yes sir.” Dream kisses the side of his head. “You sleep well? Is your ass still sore?”

“Yes I did, yes it is.” George throws his head back against his chest to look up at him, just like he did last night. Dream still thinks it’s adorable. “Have you checked your phone yet?”

“Uh, no. Why?”

“Bad texted. Told us to come to the precinct by noon.” George says. Dream hums. “Guess we’re in trouble.”

“Won’t be the first time.”

They eat crepes slathered in chocolate sauce before putting on proper attire and heading to the office. Well, *Dream* put on proper attire. George didn’t have anything but his clothes from the nightclub, so he was wearing Dream’s oversized hoodie and the zebra pants from last night.

“Interesting outfit.” Bad states as they both enter his office.

“Thanks, I’m making a fashion statement. Why’d you call us? We were going to brief you on Monday.” George says, and Bad sighs, standing up from his desk.

“I wish you’d called me right away after what occurred. You traced this back to *Reinsman*? That’s huge!” Bad exclaims. “Did you get any other intel?”

“Yeah, locations of the dealer who can lead us to Reinsman.” Dream says, and then takes a deep breath. “I want to be honest with you, Bad. Reinsman’s men probably think we’re cops. We can’t go undercover again.”

“How’d you get caught?” Bad frowns. “Feels unprofessional coming from you two.”

“We know. We didn’t have any other choice. Do you think we can still have this mission, or will it be handed to the other precinct?”

Bad rubs his hands. “I don’t know. I’d like to say you can still have it, but... It might get handed to Wilbur and Techno.”

“Damn it!” Both boys exclaim. “I hate those assholes. They take all the cases we fail. It’s why they think they’re better than us.”

“Maybe they *are*. They maintain a level-headed comradery fit for the workplace.” Bad says sternly, crossing his arms. “Which you two do not.”

“Yeah, we know, we fight sometimes. Sorry.” George waves his hand. “But that’ll stop now, don’t worry—”

“*No, George,*” Bad says, with his lips pursed. “I’m not referring to your fights.”

There’s a pregnant pause in which Dream and George both look at Bad with nervous looks. Bad runs his hand over his face.

“You two... do know there’s cameras in the storage closets, right?”

Dream closes his eyes with realization almost instantly while George simply raises his eyebrows. “No way, since when?”

“Since supplies started being stolen by one of the janitors. One of the security guards came to me with many complaints and *many* video tapes.”

“God, what a freak!” George says, mouth agape. “He was taping us??”

“It’s his *job*, George. He was doing what he was supposed to do. Unlike you two,” Bad states, brows furrowed. “You know, these are problems I expect from recruits straight out of the academy. *Not* you two.” Bad looks at them like an angry principal does to two highschoolers caught making out during assembly before losing that attitude and quickly resembling an overzealous mother.

“How long has this been going on? I mean, I’m very upset, but I’m also *very* shocked. You two?? I thought you hated each other.” Bad says, trying to maintain his sternness, though his mask was slipping. Dream sighed.

“We... don’t anymore. It’s been going on for a few months—”

“Months?!” Bad squeaks, and then clears his throat. “Sorry. This is very shocking to me.”

“It was more shocking to us.” George says with a nod. “I mean, I know Dream wanted me since he saw me but I didn’t think I would stoop so *low*—”

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream says softly, but he can’t help but crack a smile. George giggles. “Sorry, Bad, we’ll make sure not to do anything inappropriate at work anymore.”

“Especially not in rooms with cameras with them,” George says, quieter. “Did that guard go through our videos? Oh *god*, how long has he been watching us?” Then he gasps. “How much has he seen?”

“He didn’t report more than you two making out like twice every day. I pray to god there’s nothing more, George?” Bad says with raised brows. George shakes his head quickly. “Good. *Look*, I’m not going to punish you two for this. If anything I’m glad you’re not butting heads anymore.”

“Yeah we’re butting something else.”

“Good god, shut up.” Dream hisses to George, who laughs. “He’s on a sugar high, sorry captain.”

“It’s fine. I don’t want to see a repeat of this. Also... about the case. I’ll talk to Philza and work this out. It’s an important case, so the decision won’t be in my hands entirely. I’ll do my best.” Bad smiles. “Now off you go, I don’t want to take more of your Saturday.”

“Thanks, Bad. You’re the best.” Dream says, and then glances at George, who looks back at him with a small smile.

—

George’s tenacity is endearing, it’s an aspect of him Dream’s always admired. His ambition is something Dream saw within himself as well, it’s why doing cases with him was as fun as it was agonizing. Sapnap calls him ‘sassy’ but Dream just thinks he’s fierce; he knows what he wants and he won’t bend any other way.

In the same breath, George admires Dream’s boldness. His confidence and cockiness with esteemed level-headedness, surprising for a man of his age. He’s cool and calm yet assertive when he needs to be and has always been the best at getting nervous criminals to confess. It’s something in his eyes that scares you, which makes you tip-toe until you’ve earned his respect.

Both of them were men to be wary of and men to be respected. Yet, together, Dream learns that George’s softness is just as poignant. He finds himself falling for another side of the man he’d never seen prior.

Like how, as winter approaches, George seems to be engulfed in coats and scarves each morning, nose pink as his cheeks, snow speckled on his black hair. Sometimes, he takes Dream’s jackets and walks around with a leather jacket pooled to his mid-thigh. Sometimes, he chatters his teeth and asks for hot coffee, which Dream gets in an instant. Sometimes, he hugs Dream tight and tucks his head under his chin for warmth, calling Dream his personal muscle-mass of a heater. Dream accepts the role kindly.

He’s endearing, Dream realizes quickly. His mean taunts and rolls of the eyes and cold remarks are cute now. What Dream wanted months ago was to hold him in his palm and fuck him silly, and as much as he still does it, he feels more inclined to simply circle his arms around him and kiss his cheeks to see them turn red. Sapnap says he’s *down bad* which Dream doesn’t quite understand, but he assumes it has something to do with how Dream gets George anything he wants if the

smaller man as much as juts out his lower lip.

George too seems to be melting for him. While prior, he'd react to those soft cheek kisses with a scoff or soft elbow to the stomach— now, he just gives him a small smile before returning to Dream a kiss on the lips. Before, Dream's nicknames made him roll his eyes, but now, he only responds to *baby* at home. Though with change, comes calamities.

“Where is he?!” George’s voice comes from outside the break room, before the doors push open and the shorter man dressed in blue and black barges in with his eyebrows furrowed. Dream’s sat on the couch with a juice box in his hand and nervous eyes. “*You. Explain. Now.*”

Dream takes a quick sip and then puts the juice box down. “Um. The bank robber shot me?”

George’s eyes flash black and he grabs the juice box out of Dream’s hands and throws it away, making Dream huff.

“*Hey. I still had a bunch left in there—*”

“You’re an idiot. Do you hear me? You’re a complete idiot. I told you to request for backup. I was 4 blocks away. What if you didn’t have a bulletproof vest on, huh?! What if he shot higher—”

“I *did* have a vest on, George. That’s why I didn’t request backup. I couldn’t wait for you guys to get here, the perp was getting away.” Dream says calmly, while George’s nose wrinkles out of anger. “I didn’t even get hurt.”

“You could have!” George snaps, and Dream purses his lips. “He shot you in the chest, you could’ve died!”

“Well, I didn’t.”

“That’s— *ugh,* ” George stomps his foot, child-like, and storms out of the breakroom, leaving Dream in there, blinking and confused.

The work day finishes awkwardly, as most of Dream's coworkers keep asking him to elaborate about the mission he just completed half-successfully. He caught the perp and all, but he got shot at twice, and the bullet grazed his shoulder. Thankfully, he's fine—nothing but a scratch on him—but it was a close call. George doesn't even look at him. He furiously types away at his laptop and finishes his reports.

After months of dating the guy, Dream can tell when he's pissed. Actually, everyone can. He doesn't try to hide it at all. He's all silent treatments, passive-aggressiveness, and glares when he's mad. Dream's anger is louder and proclaimed. If he's annoyed, he'll say it. If George's annoyed, he'll make Dream overthink until he loses his mind and apologizes for all his sins.

"George is mad at me." Dream says to Sapnap as the day wraps up. So far, only Sapnap and Bad know about their relationship, though most people seem to have a clue. Still, they don't say it. He's pretty sure Ranboo's caught them kissing in the kitchen *many* times but he's the last person who'll open his mouth.

"Whaaat, no way," Sapnap exclaims sarcastically, before scoffing. "I *know*. He emptied the entire jar of thin mints that was kept in the break room because he knows you like them."

"Really?" Dream blinks. "*That's* why they were missing. Damn, he's really mad then. I don't know why. Shouldn't he be happy I'm safe?"

"I think he's mad 'cause you almost *died*, bro."

"But I didn't, though. I'm fine."

Sapnap shrugs. "Eh. Maybe he's mad that you didn't protect yourself more. He clearly loves you a lot."

"He doesn't lo—" Dream begins, and then draws a breath. "He hasn't said it to me yet."

"Have... have you said it to him?" Sapnap asks, quieter.

"Yeah. A couple of times. It just... slips out sometimes. He doesn't really say anything in return. I don't want to push him." Dream mumbles. Sapnap hisses in response, to which Dream shakes its head. "It's not a big deal."

“It is if it’s making your voice waver like that. Don’t worry, man. I’ve known you two for years. George is a bitch like 90% of the time but he’s so nice around you. He loves you for sure. That’s a Sapnap Guarantee.” The raven-haired boy winks, and Dream snickers.

“Huh, maybe he does. I’ll fix this. Thanks, man. I’ll get you thin mints tomorrow.”

“I’m holding you to that!”

Despite the tension, they have to take the same car back home. Dream drives George from and to home every day. It’s been weeks since George even went back to his own apartment. Half of his clothes are at Dream’s place and there’s two toothbrushes in the bathroom instead of one. They’re unofficially living together, with neither of them having made a move to actually discuss their living arrangements.

The car ride is awkward. They don’t speak a word. George plays loud EDM because he knows Dream hates it. After 15 minutes of hearing it, Dream winces and turns it off.

“Alright. I think we need to talk.”

“No,” George says in a high tone, looking out of the window.

Dream irks. “You’re acting pissy for someone who’s coming back home with me.”

“Drop me off here, then. I’ll walk back to my place.”

“George—”

“I said drop me off here.”

“George,” Dream whines as he rolls into the parking lot of his apartment building. He stops the car and looks at George. “Look, I’m *sorry*, okay? I should’ve called for immediate backup, you’re

right. I was reckless. I didn't want the bank robber to get away."

"You're too impulsive, Dream. I don't care how many risks you're willing to take, you can't live like that anymore."

"I *have* to. It's what makes me good at this job."

"I don't care!" George looks at him. "What would've happened if you died, huh? Would that have made you good at this job???"

"If I helped reduce crime then *yeah*, technically—"

"Shut up." George snaps, and his voice is hoarse. He sounds angrier than Dream's ever heard him. "Don't give me your bullshit technicalities. I don't give a shit how good you are at the job, you're not risking your life like that again."

"So you would rather me let the perp escape?"

"Yes." He says indignantly, and Dream sighs.

"George, this is our job, this is what we've always done! Why're you acting so—"

"Because before we risked our lives 'cause we had nothing to live for. Now we do. I was yelling at you through the fucking transceiver to wait for backup and you just ignored me and didn't say anything for a whole hour. All I heard were gunshots. I didn't know if you were even alive. What—what the fuck would I have done if you died, did you fucking think of that?"

George's eyes fill with tears and he quickly puts his hand over his face, clenching nails into his reddening skin. Dream's eyes widen. He immediately reaches forward and grabs George's stray hand sitting on his lap.

George cries out a broken sob that Dream's never seen. He's never cried properly before. Sure, he's teared up during movies or after eating spicy food, but it's never been like *this*. So raw and pained. A lump forms in Dream's throat and he feels heat within his skin, as if seeing George so

torn made him feel so as well.

“Baby, *hey*,” Dream says as softly as he can. George looks at him from behind his hand. “Did it upset you that much?”

George nods, hiccuping a sniffle. “I th-thought you died, you asshole.”

“I’m sorry. I’m okay, though. I’m right here.” Dream says, and then extends his arms, because seeing George cry is making his stomach tie up in knots.

George leans into his arms and basically hops onto Dream’s lap, curling into him like a fragile mess. Dream brings his arms around George and rubs his back soothingly.

“I’m sorry. I’ll be more careful from now, I promise.” Dream whispers to him. George was never a vulnerable little mess of emotions. He was always the more collected one while Dream was the emotional whirlpool. But sometimes people break.

“You better,” George’s voice cracks, his tears calming down. He takes Dream’s hand and holds it tightly with both his hands. “Please d-don’t do that again.”

“I won’t. I won’t.” Dream says. “You’re right. I acted like a reckless dumbass. I’d be upset if you put yourself in danger too. I went out like I have nothing to lose but... I do.”

George looks up at him, his cheeks red and eyes glassy. It’s unfair how pretty he looks all the time. Dream thumbs his cheekbone with a small smile.

“I scared you, didn’t I?” Dream says, and George hums against his chest, hitting it lightly with his fist. He chuckles. “Maybe Sapnap’s right. You do love me.”

George shifts in Dream’s lap and then lays his head down against his beating chest. “Isn’t it obvious?”

Dream smiles so wide he’s almost glad George can’t see him. He clears his throat. “Yes, yeah. It is. It’d be nice to hear it, y’know.”

“Hear what? I just cried like a bitch ‘cause the thought of you dying scared the fuck out of me. What more do you want?” George sits up properly and looks at him. Dream’s smiling like an idiot. “I love you, you big jerk. Kiss me before I take it back.”

Dream kisses him quickly and deeply, making sure George feels him, and feels just how much Dream loves him too. George sighs into his mouth and melts onto him like a puddle of wax.

“You are a softie under all your Scorpio eccentricities, aren’t you?” Dream says gently to him later that night, after they’re done having sex.

George sits on the bed, a little hazy from being fucked out so well. Dream was all kisses and praises tonight, making sure to feel every part of his body and let him know how perfect he is. He takes a second before registering Dream’s comment and looking at him.

“Maybe.” George blinks. “You make me crazy.”

“You make me crazy as well.” Dream smiles, seeing his fluffy messed up hair, his red cheeks, his glassy eyes, the fucked out expression on his face. He leans in and kisses him. “I love you.”

George looks up at him and his ears growing pinker. “I… do too.” He murmurs, averting his gaze. Dream giggles softly and presses a quick kiss to his lips.

“I have to get Sapnap a lot of thin mints tomorrow.”

“I hid a whole bunch in the storage room at work. You can give them to him.” He says, then yawns like a kitten before falling back down against the pillow. Dream stares at him for a few seconds before blurting out:

“Move in with me.”

George, half asleep, opens his eyes and glances at him. He pauses for a second, and at that moment, Dream’s heart skips a beat.

“Okay.”

Dream smiles. He breathes in the air of his cold air-conditioned bedroom because this night is one of those nights Dream wants to remember forever. It's one he wants to etch into his mind. The comfortable nights, the ones full of love and laughter. One where he stares down at George in nothing but his sweatshirt and thinks he loves him enough to want to live forever.

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for the appreciation! i hope you enjoyed the fic, i had a great time writing it :]

End Notes

Nice words are highly appreciated ^_^

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!